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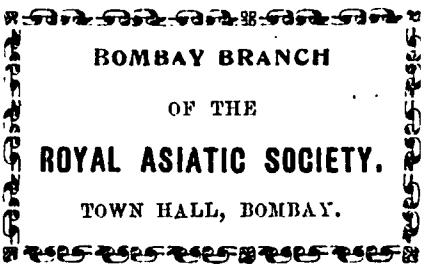

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SELECTED AND EDITED

BY

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PART II.

FROM CRESSY TO CROMWELL

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PROSE READINGS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

PART II.

I.

THE PEASANT RISING.

GREEN.

[The victory of Cressy was the first of a series of successes which placed England high among military powers and forced France by the Treaty of Bretigny to grant to Edward full sovereignty of Aquitaine and the possession of Calais. But war brought with it suffering: and both countries shared in the terrible scourge of the plague which was called the Black Death. To the suffering caused by war and pestilence was added at the close of Edward's reign the shame of defeat. While England was exhausted by its victories, France woke to a fresh energy, and refusing to fulfil the terms of peace, stripped Edward of all his conquests save Calais, and in union with Castille made herself mistress of the seas and ruined English commerce. Money was squandered in desperate efforts to regain the old supremacy in the field; and the pressure of taxation drove England to despair. The death of Edward the Third left the crown to his grandson, a boy named Richard the Second; and the country felt the weakness of the government in a general disorder. Still the war called for money; and the Parliament were driven to raise money by a tax, not as of old on lands,

but on every man and woman personally, "by head," which was hence called a poll-tax. This was levied from people who had till now been free from taxation, and who were just awaking to the injustice of their state as "serfs," or bondsmen, bound to do service in labour on their lords' lands. A preacher named John Ball fanned the discontent into a temper of rebellion; and in 1381 the commons rose in the Peasant Revolt.]

As the spring went by quaint rimes passed through the country, and served as a summons to revolt. "John Ball," ran one, "greeteth you all, and doth for to understand he hath rung your bell. Now right and might, will and skill, God speed every dele."[1] "Help truth," ran another, "and truth shall help you! Now reigneth pride in price, and covetise[2] is counted wise, and lechery withouten shame, and gluttony withouten blame. Envy reigneth with treason, and sloth is take[3] in great season. God do bote,[4] for now is tyme!" We recognize Ball's hand in the yet more stirring missives of "Jack the Miller" and "Jack the Carter." "Jack Miller asketh help to turn his mill aright. He hath grounden small, small: the King's Son of Heaven he shall pay for all. Look thy mill go aright with the four sailes, and the post stand with steadfastness. With right and with might, with skill and with will; let might help right, and skill go before will, and right before might, so goeth our mill aright." "Jack Carter," ran the companion missive, "prays you all that ye make a good end of that ye have begun, and do well, and aye better and better: for at the even men heareth the day." "Falseness and guile," sang Jack Trewman, "have reigned too long, and truth hath been set under a lock, and falseness and guile reigneth in every stock. No man may come truth to, but if he sing 'si dedero.'[5] True love is away that was so good, and clerks

[1] *Part;* i.e. *every one's effort.* [2] *Greed.* [3] *Held.* [4] *Help.* [5] i.e. *unless he gives bribes to the judges.*

for wealth work them woe. God do bote, for now is time." In the rude jingle of these lines began for England the literature of political controversy; they are the first predecessors of the pamphlets of Milton and of Burke. Rough as they are, they express clearly enough the mingled passions which met in the revolt of the peasants; their longing for a right rule, for plain and simple justice; their scorn of the immorality of the nobles and the infamy of the court; their resentment at the perversion of the law to the cause of oppression.

From the eastern and midland counties the restlessness spread to all England south of the Thames. But the grounds of discontent varied with every district. The actual outbreak began on the 5th of June at Dartford,[6] where a tiler killed one of the collectors of the poll-tax in vengeance for a brutal outrage on his daughter. The county at once rose in arms. Canterbury, where "the whole town was of their mind," threw open its gates to the insurgents who plundered the Archbishop's palace and dragged John Ball[7] from his prison. A hundred thousand Kentishmen gathered round Walter Tyler of Essex and John Hales of Malling to march upon London. Their grievance was mainly a political one. Villeinage[8] was unknown in Kent. As the peasants poured towards Blackheath indeed every lawyer who fell into their hands was put to death; "not till all these were killed would the land enjoy its old freedom again," the Kentishmen shouted as they fired the houses of the stewards and flung the rolls of the manor-courts[9] into the flames. But this action can hardly have been due to anything more than sympathy with

[6] *In Kent.* [7] *He had been thrown into prison for seditious preaching.* [8] *The state of the serf or villein, who was bound to labour for a lord and might not quit his lands.*
[9] *In which the services due by the villeins were entered.*

the rest of the realm, the sympathy which induced the same men when pilgrims from the north brought news that John of Gaunt was setting free his bondmen to send to the Duke an offer to make him Lord and King of England. Nor was their grievance a religious one. Lollardry[10] can have made little way among men whose grudge against the Archbishop of Canterbury sprang from his discouragement of pilgrimages. Their discontent was simply political; they demanded the suppression of the poll-tax and better government; their aim was to slay the nobles and wealthier clergy, to take the King into their own hands, and pass laws which should seem good to the Commons of the realm.

The whole population joined the Kentishmen as they marched along, while the nobles were paralyzed with fear. The young King[11]—he was but a boy of sixteen—addressed them from a boat on the river; but the refusal of his Council under the guidance of Archbishop Sudbury to allow him to land kindled the peasants to fury, and with cries of "Treason" the great mass rushed on London. On the 13th of June its gates were flung open by the poorer artizans within the city, and the stately palace of John of Gaunt[12] at the Savoy, the new inn of the lawyers at the Temple, the houses of the foreign merchants, were soon in a blaze. But the insurgents, as they proudly boasted, were "seekers of truth and justice, not thieves or robbers," and a plunderer found carrying off a silver vessel from the sack of the Savoy was flung with his spoil into the flames. Another body of insurgents encamped at the same time to the east of the city. In Essex and the eastern counties the popular discontent was more social than political. The demands of the peasants were that bondage should be

[10] *In Edward the Third's day John Wiclif had taught a new and reformed religion. His followers were called Lollards.*

[11] *Richard the Second.* [12] *The Duke of Lancaster, the King's uncle, who was hated by the people.*

abolished, that tolls and imposts on trade should be done away with, that "no acre of land which is held in bondage or villeinage be held at higher rate than fourpence a year," in other words for a money commutation of all villein services.[13] Their rising had been even earlier than that of the Kentishmen. Before Whitsuntide an attempt to levy the poll-tax gathered crowds of peasants together, armed with clubs, rusty swords, and bows. The royal commissioners who were sent to repress the tumult were driven from the field, and the Essex men marched upon London on one side of the river as the Kentishmen marched on the other. The evening of the thirteenth, the day on which Tyler entered the city, saw them encamped without its walls at Mile-end. At the same moment Highbury and the northern heights were occupied by the men of Hertfordshire and the villeins of St. Alban's, where a strife between abbot and town had been going on since the days of Edward the Second.

The royal Council with the young King had taken refuge in the Tower, and their aim seems to have been to divide the forces of the insurgents. On the morning of the fourteenth therefore Richard rode from the Tower to Mile-end[14] to meet the Essex men. "I am your King and Lord, good people," the boy began with a fearlessness which marked his bearing throughout the crisis, "what will you?" "We will that you free us for ever," shouted the peasants, "us and our lands; and that we be never named nor held for serfs!" "I grant it," replied Richard; and he bade them go home, pledging himself at once to issue charters of freedom and amnesty. A shout of joy welcomed the promise. Throughout the day more than thirty clerks were busied writing letters of pardon and emancipation,[15]

[13] *Services in labour due by the peasants to their lords.*
[14] *On the eastern road out of London.* [15] *Freedom from serfdom.*

and with these the mass of the Essex men and the men of Hertfordshire withdrew quietly to their homes. But while the King was successful at Mile-end a terrible doom had fallen on the councillors he left behind him. Richard had hardly quitted the Tower when the Kentishmen who had spent the night within the city appeared at its gates. The general terror was shown ludicrously enough when they burst in and taking the panic-stricken knights of the royal household in rough horse-play by the beard promised to be their equals and good comrades in the days to come. But the horse-play changed into dreadful earnest when they found that Richard had escaped their grasp, and the discovery of Archbishop Sudbury and other ministers in the chapel changed their fury into a cry for blood. The Primate was dragged from his sanctuary and beheaded. The same vengeance was wreaked on the Treasurer and the Chief Commissioner for the levy of the hated poll-tax, the merchant Richard Lyons who had been impeached by the Good Parliament.

Richard meanwhile had ridden round the northern wall of the city to the Wardrobe near Blackfriars,[16] and from this new refuge he opened his negotiations with the Kentish insurgents. Many of these dispersed at the news of the King's pledge to the men of Essex, but a body of thirty thousand still surrounded Wat Tyler when Richard on the morning of the fifteenth encountered that leader by a mere chance at Smithfield. Hot words passed between his train and the peasant chieftain, who advanced to confer with the King, and a threat from Tyler brought on a brief struggle in which the Mayor of London, William Walworth, struck him with his dagger to the ground. "Kill! kill!" shouted the crowd, "they have slain our captain!". But Richard faced the

[16] *On the western side of London.*

Kentishmen with the same cool courage with which he faced the men of Essex. "What need ye, my masters?" cried the boy-king as he rode boldly up to the front of the bowmen. "I am your Captain and your King; Follow me!" The hopes of the peasants centred in the young sovereign; one aim of their rising had been to free him from the evil counsellors who, as they believed, abused his youth; and at his word they followed him with a touching loyalty and trust till he entered the Tower. His mother welcomed him within its walls with tears of joy. "Rejoice and praise God," Richard answered, "for I have recovered to-day my heritage which was lost and the realm of England!" But he was compelled to give the same pledge of freedom to the Kentishmen as at Mile-end, and it was only after receiving his letters of pardon and emancipation that the yeomen dispersed to their homes.

II.

AGINCOURT.

MICHELET.

[Richard's pledge was broken; the peasant revolt was put down with terrible bloodshed; and serfdom set up again. But the troubles of England went on; and though peace with France was won for a while, Richard's own misgovernment at last forced England to a general rising. He was driven from the throne; and his cousin Henry, the son of John of Gaunt, was made King in his stead as Henry the Fourth. Henry's whole reign was a struggle against treason and revolt; and it was not till the days of his son, Henry the Fifth, that England was again at peace. To strengthen his throne, Henry the Fifth revived the old quarrel with France; and landing in Normandy took

Harfleur with great loss and suffering. His weakened army then marched for Calais; but was overtaken on its way at Agincourt by the army of the French king, Charles the Sixth.]

THE two armies were strangely contrasted. On the French side might be seen three enormous squadrons, like three forests of lances, which in this narrow plain followed one another in order, and extended to a vast depth; in their front stood the Constable, the Princes, the Dukes of Orleans, of Bar, and of Alençon, the Counts of Nevers, of Eu, of Richemont, of Vendôme, a crowd of nobles, a dazzling rainbow of enamelled armour, of coats of arms, of banners, of horses strangely masked in steel and gold. The French had their archers too, men of the commons these; but where were they to be set? Every place was disposed of; no one would give up his post; people such as these archers would have been a blot on so noble a gathering. There were cannons too, but it does not seem that they were used; probably no more room could be found for them than for the bowmen. On the other side stood the English army. Its outer seeming was poor enough. The archers had no armour—often no shoes; they had wretched headpieces of boiled leather, or even of osier, guarded by a cross-piece of iron; the axes and hatchets hung at their belts gave them the look of carpenters. Many of these good workmen had loosed their belts to work the more easily, first to bend the bow, then to wield the axe, when time came for leaving behind them the line of sharpened stakes which protected their front and for hewing at the motionless masses which stood before them.

For strange, incredible as it may seem, it is certain that the French army could not move, either to fight or fly. In the after struggle the rear-guard alone made its escape. At the critical moment indeed of the battle, when old

Thomas of Erpingham, after putting the English army in array, threw up his staff in the air, and cried "Now strike!" while the English replied with a shout of ten thousand men, the French army, to their great surprise, remained immoveable. Horses and horsemen all seemed enchanted or dead in their armour. In reality these great war-horses, under the weight of their heavy riders and of their huge caparisons of iron, had sunk deeply in the thick clay on which they stood; they were so firmly fixed that it was with difficulty that they disengaged themselves in an attempt to advance. But their advance was only step by step. The field was a mere swamp of tenacious mud. "The field was soft and cut up by the horses; it was almost impossible to draw one's feet out of the ground, so soft was it. Besides this," goes on the historian, Lefebvre, "the French were so loaded with harness that they could not go forward. In the first place, they were burdened with steel coats of mail long enough to reach below the knees, and very heavy, and below this mail they had harness on their legs, and above it harness of white, and helmets atop of all. Then they were so crowded together that none could lift their arms to strike the enemy, save those who were in the front rank." Another historian on the English side tells us that the French were arrayed thirty-two men deep, while the English stood but four men deep. This enormous depth of the French column was useless, for almost all who composed it were knights and horsemen, and the bulk of them were so far from being able to act that they never even saw what was going on in the front; while among the English every man had his share in the action. Of the fifty thousand Frenchmen in fact but two or three thousand had the power actively to engage with the eleven thousand Englishmen; or at least might have had the power, had their horses freed themselves from the mire.

To rouse these sluggish masses to action the English archers discharged thousands of arrows right at their faces. The iron-clad horsemen bowed their heads, or the arrows would have pierced the vizors of their helmets. Then, on either flank of the army, from Tramecourt and from Agincourt, two French squadrons, by dint of hard spurring, got clumsily into motion, and came on headed by two famous men at arms, Messire Cliquet de Brabant and Messire Guillaume de Sausure. But the first squadron, which came from Tramecourt, was suddenly riddled by the fire from a body of archers hidden in the wood on its flank; and neither the one squadron nor the other ever reached the English line. In fact, of twelve hundred men who charged but a hundred and twenty managed to dash themselves against the stakes on the English front. The bulk had fallen on the road, men and horses, as they floundered in the thick mud. And well had it been had all fallen, for those whose horses were wounded could no longer govern the maddened beasts, and they turned back to rush on the French ranks. Far from being able to open to let them pass, the advance-guard was, as has been seen, so thickly massed together that not a man could move; and one may conceive the fearful confusion that fell on the serried mass, the frightened horses plunging and backing through it, flinging down their riders, or crushing them into a mass of clashing iron. It was in the midst of this turmoil that the Englishmen fell on them. Quitting their front of stakes, throwing down bow and arrow, they came on at their ease, hatchet and axe, sword or loaded club in hand, to hew at the vast confused heap of men and horses. When, in all good time, they had finally made a clearance of the advance-guard, they advanced, with King Henry at their head, on the second line of battle behind it. It was perhaps at this moment that eighteen French gentlemen fell upon the

English king. They had vowed, it is said, to die or to dash his crown from his head; one of them tore from it a fleur-de-lys; but all perished on the spot. It was now at any rate that the Duke of Brabant hurried up to the fight. He came late enough; but he was still in good time to die. The brave prince had left his men behind him; he had not even put on his coat of arms; in its stead he took his banner, made a hole in it, passed his head through the hole, and threw himself upon the English, who slew him in an instant. Only the rear-guard now remained, and this soon melted away. A crowd of French knights, dismounted, but lifted from the ground by their serving men, had withdrawn from the battle, and given themselves up to the English. At this moment word was brought to King Henry that a body of Frenchmen were pillaging his baggage, while he saw in the French rear-guard some Bretons or Gascons, who seemed about to turn back upon him. Fear seized him for a moment, especially when he saw his followers embarrassed with so great a number of captives; and on the instant he gave orders that every man should kill his prisoner. Not a man obeyed. These soldiers without hose or shoes saw in their hands the greatest lords of France, and thought their fortunes already made. They were ordered in fact to ruin themselves. Then the King told off two hundred men to serve as butchers. It was an awful sight, says the historian, to see these poor disarmed folk, to whom quarter had just been given, and who now in cold blood were killed, beheaded, cut in pieces! . . . . After all, the alarm was a false one. It was but some pillagers of the neighbourhood, people of Agincourt, who in spite of their master, the Duke of Burgundy, had profited by the occasion. He punished them severely, although they had drawn from the spoil a rich sword for his son.

III.

JOAN OF ARC.

GREEN.

[The victory of Agincourt led Henry to a series of campaigns which finally laid all northern France at his feet. He was pushing to the conquest of the south when his sudden death left the crowns of France and England to a child, Henry the Sixth; and the factions which disputed for power in his name long hindered his brother, the Duke of Bedford, from completing his work. Meanwhile France south of the Loire held loyally to Charles the Seventh, who was not crowned as King but known as the Dauphin; but Charles showed as yet little power or activity; and when Bedford at last sent a weak force to besiege Orleans, the key of southern France, he did little for its help. Help came, however, from a peasant-maiden, Jeanne Darc, or Joan of Arc.]

JEANNE DARC was the child of a labourer of Domremy, a little village in the neighbourhood of Vaucouleurs on the borders of Lorraine and Champagne. Just without the cottage where she was born began the great woods of the Vosges, where the children of Domremy drank in poetry and legend from fairy ring and haunted well, hung their flower garlands on the sacred trees, and sang songs to the "good people"[1] who might not drink of the fountain because of their sins. Jeanne loved the forest; its birds and beasts came lovingly to her at her childish call. But at home men saw nothing in her but "a good girl, simple and pleasant in her ways," spinning and sewing by her mother's side while the other girls went to the fields; tender to the

[1] *The Fairies.*

poor and sick, fond of church, and listening to the church-bell with a dreamy passion of delight which never left her. This quiet life was broken by the storm of war as it at last came home to Domremy. As the outcasts and wounded passed by the little village the young peasant girl gave them her bed and nursed them in their sickness. Her whole nature summed itself up in one absorbing passion: she 'had pity,' to use the phrase for ever on her lip, 'on the fair realm of France.' As her passion grew she recalled old prophecies that a maid from the Lorraine border should save the land; she saw visions; St. Michael appeared to her in a flood of blinding light, and bade her go to the help of the King and restore to him his realm. "Messire," answered the girl, "I am but a poor maiden; I know not how to ride to the wars, or to lead men-at-arms." The archangel returned to give her courage, and to tell her of "the pity" that there was in heaven for the fair realm of France.

The girl wept, and longed that the angels who appeared to her would carry her away, but her mission was clear. It was in vain that her father when he heard of her purpose swore to drown her ere she should go to the field with men-at-arms. It was in vain that the priest, the wise people of the village, the captain of Vaucouleurs, doubted, and refused to aid her. "I must go to the King," persisted the peasant girl, "even if I wear my limbs to the very knees." "I had far rather rest and spin by my mother's side," she pleaded with a touching pathos, "for this is no work of my choosing, but I must go and do it, for my Lord wills it." "And who," they asked, "is your Lord?" "He is God." Words such as these touched the rough captain at last: he took Jeanne by the hand and swore to lead her to the King. She reached Chinon[2] in the opening of March, but here too

[2] *A castle south of the Loire, where Charles the Seventh held his Court.*

she found hesitation and doubt. The theologians proved from their books that they ought not to believe her. "There is more in God's book than in yours," Jeanne answered simply. At last Charles himself received her in the midst of a throng of nobles and soldiers. "Gentle Dauphin," said the girl, "my name is Jeanne the Maid. The Heavenly King sends me to tell you that you shall be anointed and crowned in the town of Rheims,[3] and you shall be lieutenant of the Heavenly King who is the King of France."

Orleans had already been driven by famine to offers of surrender when Jeanne appeared in the French court, and a force was gathering under the Count of Dunois at Blois for a final effort at its relief. It was at the head of this force that Jeanne placed herself. The girl was in her eighteenth year, tall, finely formed, with all the vigour and activity of her peasant rearing, able to stay from dawn to nightfall on horseback without meat or drink. As she mounted her charger, clad in white armour from head to foot, with the great white banner studded with fleur-de-lys waving over her head, she seemed "a thing wholly divine, whether to see or hear." The ten thousand men-at-arms who followed her from Blois, rough plunderers whose only prayer was that of La Hire,[4] "Sire Dieu, I pray you to do for La Hire what La Hire would do for you, were you captain-at-arms and he God," left off their oaths and foul living at her word and gathered round the altars on their march. Her shrewd peasant humour helped her to manage the wild soldiery, and her followers laughed over their camp-fires at an old warrior who had been so puzzled by her prohibition of oaths that she suffered him still to swear by his bâton. For in the midst of her enthusiasm her good sense never

[3] *The crowning-place of the French kings, which was now in the hands of the foes of Charles, so that he could not be crowned there.* [4] *A noted captain of the time.*

left her. The people crowded round her as she rode along, praying her to work miracles, and bringing crosses and chaplets to be blest by her touch. "Touch them yourself," she said to an old Dame Margaret; "your touch will be just as good as mine."

But her faith in her mission remained as firm as ever. "The Maid prays and requires you," she wrote to Bedford, "to work no more distraction in France but to come in her company to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the Turk." "I bring you," she told Dunois, when he sallied out of Orleans to meet her after her two days' march from Blois, "I bring you the best aid ever sent to any one, the aid of the King of Heaven." The besiegers looked on overawed as she entered Orleans and, riding round the walls, bade the people shake off their fear of the forts which surrounded them. Her enthusiasm drove the hesitating generals to engage the handful of besiegers, and the enormous disproportion of forces at once made itself felt. Fort after fort was taken till only the strongest remained, and then the council of war resolved to adjourn the attack. "You have taken your counsel," replied Jeanne, "and I take mine." Placing herself at the head of the men-at-arms, she ordered the gates to be thrown open, and led them against the fort. Few as they were, the English fought desperately, and the Maid, who had fallen wounded while endeavouring to scale its walls, was borne into a vineyard, while Dunois sounded the retreat. "Wait a while!" the girl imperiously pleaded, "eat and drink! so soon as my standard touches the wall you shall enter the fort." It touched, and the assailants burst in. On the next day the siege was abandoned, and on the eighth of May the force which had conducted it withdrew in good order to the north.

In the midst of her triumph Jeanne still remained the

pure, tender-hearted peasant girl of the Vosges. Her first visit as she entered Orleans was to the great church, and there, as she knelt at mass, she wept in such a passion of devotion that "all the people wept with her." Her tears burst forth afresh at her first sight of bloodshed and of the corpses strewn over the battle-field. She grew frightened at her first wound, and only threw off the touch of womanly fear when she heard the signal for retreat. Yet more womanly was the purity with which she passed through the brutal warriors of a mediæval camp. It was her care for her honour that led her to clothe herself in a soldier's dress. She wept hot tears when told of the foul taunts of the English, and called passionately on God to witness her chastity. "Yield thee, yield thee, Glasdale," she cried to the English warrior whose insults had been foulest as he fell wounded at her feet, "you called me harlot! I have great pity on your soul." But all thought of herself was lost in the thought of her mission. It was in vain that the French generals strove to remain on the Loire. Jeanne was resolute to complete her task, and while the English remained panic-stricken around Paris she brought Charles to march upon Rheims, the old crowning-place of the Kings of France. Troyes and Chalons submitted as she reached them, Rheims drove out the English garrison and threw open her gates to the King.

IV.

BATTLE OF TEWKESBURY.

KIRK.

[Joan fell at last into the hands of her enemies and was burned as a witch. But the impulse she had given roused France; and the English were driven at last not only from

their recent conquests but from their own possession of Aquitaine. Of all they had held in France Calais only remained to them. The shame of these defeats heightened the disorder in England itself, which sprang from the imbecility of Henry the Sixth, and the strife of factions about his throne. At last the Duke of York, who descended from an elder brother of John of Gaunt, disputed Henry's right to the crown, and claimed to be king. With this claim began the Wars of the Roses, as they were called, the Red Rose being the badge of Lancaster, the White Rose of York. The Duke, after some successes, was defeated and slain; but his son, aided by the Earl of Warwick, the mightiest of the English nobles, drove Henry from the throne and himself mounted it as Edward the Fourth. Quarrels however sprang up between Edward and Warwick; and at last Warwick was driven into exile. He returned to England, and Edward had himself to fly over sea, while Henry the Sixth was once more set on the throne; but a fresh landing of Edward in Yorkshire was followed by the defeat and death of Warwick, and by a new deposition of Henry. At the moment of Warwick's overthrow, Henry's wife, Margaret of Anjou, landed on the southern coast with her son and a body of French troops; and Edward at once marched against her. Margaret's aim was to gather an army, and to do this she pushed through the western counties up the Severn, while Edward hurried in pursuit.]

On the morning of Thursday, the second of May,[1] the Yorkists[2] were at Malmesbury, the Lancastrians[3] at Bristol. A line drawn between these two places would represent the southern base of a triangle of which the northern apex might be found either at Gloucester, at Tewkesbury, or at Worcester, according as the lines of march represented by the sides were more or less convergent. But since the more westerly line was somewhat longer than the others, it was necessary for the Lancastrians to gain at least a day's

[1] 1471. [2] *The army of Edward the Fourth.* [3] *The army of Margaret.*

start in advance. To effect this object they again made a feint of offering battle, sending a small party to Sodbury, midway between Bristol and Malmesbury, to fix upon convenient ground for receiving the attack. Again Edward allowed himself to be momentarily deceived. He marched to Sodbury on the evening of the same day, and having selected his position, remained there during the night. Early in the morning, thanks to the vigilance of his spies, he discovered his error. The Lancastrians having travelled all night up the bank of the Severn, were now at Berkeley, far on the road to Gloucester. To intercept them with his army before they should reach this latter point was no longer possible; and if they gained possession of the town,[4] which was strongly fortified, they would be sheltered from an immediate attack, and would hold an excellent position for awaiting the expected succours from Wales and other quarters. There was still time however for a well-mounted party to carry notice of the enemy's approach to Richard Beauchamp, the newly appointed governor of Gloucester castle; and having despatched this warning the King set out with his whole army, by the nearest route to Tewkesbury, whither the Lancastrians, if they failed to enter Gloucester, would necessarily proceed, and where he trusted to come up with them.

Thus the two hostile armies were now marching in the same direction, on concentric lines, and the trial was one of endurance and of speed. The day was "right an hot" one for the season; on neither route were there any villages; and the soldiers of Edward travelled more than thirty miles without any other refreshment for themselves or their horses than was afforded by the waters of a single brook, "where was full little relief, it was so soon troubled with the carriages that had passed it." They had, however, two

[4] *Of Gloucester.*

advantages over the enemy. A much larger proportion of their force consisted of cavalry, and their course lay across the Cotswold, an open and level, though elevated tract of country, while that of the Lancastrians led through lanes and woods, which offered many obstructions to their progress. They lost some time moreover in a vain attempt to enter Gloucester, where, though the inhabitants were friendly to them, the governor was successful in preventing their admission.

During the latter part of the day the distance between them and their pursuers was rapidly diminished, and the enemy's scouts began to swarm along their flank. Nevertheless, they reached Tewkesbury somewhat earlier in the evening than Edward arrived at Cheltenham, then a mere village five miles to the south-east. But all hope of making good their escape was now past. They had been on the road the whole of the preceding night, had marched since the morning a distance of thirty-six miles, and were incapable of any further advance till thoroughly refreshed by food and sleep. Here, therefore, they must stand at bay; and their leaders made choice of a position well adapted to their purpose on the hills sloping southward from the town. The ancient Saxon abbey, with its magnificent Norman church, was "at their backs; afore them, and upon every hand of them, foul lanes and deep dikes, and many hedges, with hills and valleys, a right evil place to approach as could well have been devised."

Being apprised of the enemy's intention to receive battle, Edward, after a short delay at Cheltenham, led his army two miles further towards Tewkesbury, and halted for the night. At break of day his troops were again under arms. He gave the command of the vanguard to his brother Richard,[5] Duke of Gloucester, then only nineteen years of

[5] *Afterwards Richard the Third.*

age; the rear-guard was intrusted to Lord Hastings; while the rest of the forces were led by the king in person, with the exception of a small detachment sent forward to the edge of a wood, in case an ambush had been set for an assault upon his flank. Trumpets were blown, banners unfurled, and the aid and protection of the Almighty, the Virgin Mother, the blessed martyr Saint George, and all the Saints, solemnly invoked. The cannon then opened their fire; and the whole army advanced to the attack, the lines of bowmen in front sending forth a continual flight of arrows. The Lancastrians, had they been content to avail themselves of the advantages of their position, waiting till their assailants had crossed the fences and ditches and begun to gather on the rising ground, might then by a vigorous repulse have thrown them into confusion, where confusion must have ended in rout. But they were now to experience the usual ill-effects of a divided command. It was easy for the different chiefs to stimulate by their exhortations and example the courage of their men; but there was no one to direct or restrain the ardour of the chiefs. The Prince of Wales[6] was too young to exercise any real authority. Yet his presence, and that of his mother,[7] who had ridden through the ranks to animate the spirits of the troops, and who did not retire from the field till the battle had begun, was perhaps the reason for not investing any subject leader with the sole command.

However this may have been, the Duke of Somerset, whose force was posted in the front, led away either by his own impatient valour or by the restlessness of his men under the fire of the artillery and the archers, determined to leave his vantage-ground and come at once to an encounter with the enemy. He is even said to have cloven with his battle-axe the skull of one of his associates, Lord

[6] *The son of Henry the Sixth.* [7] *Margaret of Anjou.*

Wenlock, who opposed this rash design. Descending by a slanting course through "certain paths and ways" which he had before reconnoitred, he entered an enclosed field, and falling suddenly on one end of the enemy's lines gained a slight advantage. But the Yorkists speedily rallied. Fresh bodies came pouring to their aid. The assailants were pushed back up the hill, and were now, in their turn, taken in flank by the party which, as already mentioned, had been detached by Edward to guard against a surprise. They were soon in complete disorder. The trees and bushes, the fences, the obscure paths, which had favoured the suddenness of their advance, became obstacles to their retreat. They threw away their arms and fled in different directions. But without spending time in the pursuit, the king, uniting all his forces in a solid mass, charged, with resistless vigour, the main body of the Lancastrians, whose already wavering lines were at once broken by the shock. "Such as abode handstrokes were slain incontinent." But more were slaughtered in the chase, "flying towards the town, to the abbey, to the church;" while not a few, hotly pursued, were drowned in a mill-stream that flowed through a neighbouring meadow, which has retained to this day the name of the "Bloody Field."

V.

CAXTON.

GREEN.

[With the battle of Tewkesbury the cause of the House of Lancaster was finally lost. Margaret was taken prisoner; her son was slain; Henry the Sixth himself died soon after in the Tower. From this moment Edward's reign was a peaceful one. He was an able ruler; but the chief glory of his reign springs from the introduction during it into England of the art of printing by William Caxton.]

It was probably at the press of Colard Mansion, in a little room over the porch of St. Donat's at Bruges,[1] that William Caxton learned the art which he was the first to introduce into England. A Kentish boy by birth, but apprenticed to a London mercer, Caxton had already spent thirty years of his manhood in Flanders as Governor of the English gild of Merchant Adventurers there when we find him engaged as copyist in the service of Edward's sister, Duchess Margaret of Burgundy.[2] But the tedious process of copying was soon thrown aside for the new art which Colard Mansion had introduced into Bruges. "For as much as in the writing of the same," Caxton tells us in the preface to his first printed work, the Tales of Troy, "my pen is worn, my hand is weary and not steadfast, mine eyes dimmed with over much looking on the white paper, and my courage not so prone and ready to labour as it hath been, and that age creepeth on me daily and feebleth all the body, and also because I have promised to divers gentlemen and to my friends to address to them as hastily as I might the said book, therefore I have practised and learned at my great charge and dispense to ordain this said book in print after the manner and form as ye may see, and is not written with pen and ink as other books be,[3] to the end that every man may have them at once, for all the books of this story here emprynted as ye see were begun in one day and also finished in one day."

The printing-press was the precious freight he brought back to England in 1476, after an absence of five-and-thirty years. Through the next fifteen, at an age when other men look for ease and retirement, we see him plunging with

[1] *In Flanders.* [2] *The wife of Duke Charles the Bold.*
[3] *Till now all books had been written by hand; hence they were called manuscripts. This process was tedious and costly; and so books were scarce and dear.*

characteristic energy into his new occupation. His "red pale," or heraldic shield, marked with a red bar down the middle, invited buyers to the press he established in the Almonry at Westminster, a little enclosure containing a chapel and almshouses near the west front of the church, where the alms of the abbey were distributed to the poor. "If it please any man, spiritual or temporal," runs his advertisement, "to buy any pyes[4] of two or three commemorations of Salisbury all emprynted after the form of the present letter, which be well and truly correct, let him come to Westminster into the Almonry at the red pale, and he shall have them good chepe." Caxton was a practical man of business, as this advertisement shows, no rival of the Venetian Aldi, or of the classical printers of Rome, but resolved to get a living from his trade, supplying priests with service books and preachers with sermons, furnishing the clerk with his "Golden Legend" and knight and baron with "joyous and pleasant histories of chivalry."

But while careful to win his daily bread, he found time to do much for what of higher literature lay fairly to hand. He printed all the English poetry of any moment which was then in existence. His reverence for that "worshipful man, Geoffrey Chaucer," who "ought to be eternally remembered," is shown not merely by his edition of the "Canterbury Tales," but by his reprint of them when a purer text of the poem offered itself. The poems of Lydgate and Gower were added to those of Chaucer. The Chronicle of Brut and Higden's "Polychronicon" were the only available works of an historical character then existing in the English tongue, and Caxton not only printed them but himself continued the latter up to his own time. A translation of Boethius, a version of the Eneid from the French, and a

Books in small type.

tract or two of Cicero, were the stray first-fruits of the classical press in England.

Busy as was Caxton's printing-press, he was even busier as a translator than as a printer. More than four thousand of his printed pages are from works of his own rendering. The need of these translations shows the popular drift of literature at the time; but keen as the demand seems to have been, there is nothing mechanical in the temper with which Caxton prepared to meet it. A natural, simple-hearted taste and enthusiasm, especially for the style and forms of language, breaks out in his curious prefaces. "Having no work in hand," he says in the preface to his Eneid, "I sitting in my study where as lay many divers pamphlets and books, happened that to my hand came a little book in French, which late was translated out of Latin by some noble clerk of France—which book is named Eneydos, and made in Latin by that noble poet and great clerk Vergyl—in which book I had great pleasure by reason of the fair and honest termes and wordes in French which I never saw to-fore-like,[5] none so pleasant nor so well ordered, which book as me seemed should be much requisite for noble men to see, as well for the eloquence as for the histories; and when I had advised me to this said book I deliberated and concluded to translate it into English, and forthwith took a pen and ink and wrote a leaf or twain."

But the work of translation involved a choice of English which made Caxton's work important in the history of our language. He stood between two schools of translation, that of French affectation and English pedantry. It was a moment when the character of our literary tongue was being settled, and it is curious to see in his own words the struggle over it which was going on in Caxton's time. "Some honest and great clerks have been with me and desired me to write

[5] *Before.*

the most curious terms that I could find;" on the other hand, "some gentlemen of late blamed me, saying that in my translations I had over many curious terms which could not be understood of common people, and desired me to use old and homely terms in my translations." "Fain would I please every man," comments the good-humoured printer, but his sturdy sense saved him alike from the temptations of the court and the schools. His own taste pointed to English, but "to the common terms that be daily used" rather than to the English of his antiquarian advisers. "I took an old book and read therein, and certainly the English was so rude and broad I could not well understand it," while the Old-English charters which the Abbot of Westminster lent as models from the archives of his house seemed "more like to Dutch[6] than to English."

To adopt current phraseology however was by no means easy at a time when even the speech of common talk was in a state of rapid flux. "Our language now used varieth far from that which was used and spoken when I was born." Not only so, but the tongue of each shire was still peculiar to itself and hardly intelligible to men of another county. "Common English that is spoken in one shire varieth from another so much, that in my days happened that certain merchants were in a ship in Thames for to have sailed over the sea into Zealand, and for lack of wind they tarried at Foreland[7] and went on land for to refresh them. And one of them, named Sheffield, a mercer, came into a house and asked for meat, and especially he asked them after eggs. And the good wife answered that she could speak no French. And the merchant was angry, for he also could speak no French, but would have eggs, but she understood him not. And then at last another said he would have eyren, then the good wife said she understood him well.

[6] i.e. *German.* [7] *On the coast of Kent.*

Lo! what should a man in these days now write," adds the puzzled printer, "eggs or eyren? certainly it is hard to please every man by cause of diversity and change of language." His own mother-tongue too was that of "Kent in the Weald, where I doubt not is spoken as broad and rude English as in any place in England;" and coupling this with his long absence in Flanders we can hardly wonder at the confession he makes over his first translation, that "when all these things came to fore me, after that I had made and written a five or six quires, I fell in despair of this work, and purposed never to have continued therein, and the quires laid apart, and in two years after laboured no more in this work."

VI.

BATTLE OF BOSWORTH.

YONGE.

[Caxton's work shows how fast England was progressing in knowledge amidst all the troubles of the time. But the Wars of the Roses were still not at an end. At Edward the Fourth's death his brother murdered Edward's sons and seized the throne as Richard the Third. He was at first popular, but his cruelty and faithlessness soon estranged men from him; and Henry Tudor, who had inherited the claims of the House of Lancaster, landed in Wales, to dispute the crown, and boldly marched on London. Richard, suspicious of the treachery which was to ruin him, marched to intercept Henry, and moved from Leicester on Bosworth Field where he encountered his rival.]

RICHARD had ridden out of Leicester in the same state and splendour in which he had entered it, wearing his crown on the helmet of a rich suit of steel armour that

he had first worn at Tewkesbury; and passing on to Mirwall Abbey, encamped upon a hill called Anbeam, overlooking a broad extent of open ground, called Redmoor, not far from the town of Market-Bosworth. It was about two miles long and one mile broad, intersected by a thick wood, and bounded on the south by a little stream, on the north by rising ground, and by a swamp called Amyon Lays. Richard was to the west, Henry to the east. Restless and distrustful, Richard rose at midnight, wandered alone through his outposts, found a sentinel slumbering, and stabbed him to the heart as he lay, then returned to endeavour to recruit himself by sleep for the next day; but he was awake again, long before the chaplains were ready to say Mass, or the attendants to bring breakfast; and he told his servants of the sentry's fate, grimly saying, "I found him asleep, and have left him as I found him." No thought of mercy was in the mind of the man bold in civil war, whose early recollections were of Wakefield and Towton, and whose maiden sword had been fleshed at Barnet.[1] He only said that, go the battle as it might, England would suffer; "from Lancaster to Shrewsbury he would leave none alive, knight or squire; and from Holyhead to St. David's, where were castles and towers should all be parks and fields. All should repent that ever they rose against their king: and if Richmond triumphed, the Lancastrians would of course take a bloody vengeance."

One strange episode is said to have occupied Richard on that morning of doom. He had acknowledged two illegitimate children, John and Katharine, whom he had brought up with the young Prince of Wales; he had knighted the one and given the other in marriage to the Earl of Huntingdon;

[1] *His father had been slain in the Battle of Wakefield; his brother Edward set on the throne in the bloody fight of Towton; Warwick overthrown at Barnet.*

but he had yet another, named Richard. This young boy was brought to the royal tent at that moment, and heard for the first time that the pale, haggard, agitated man, small, slight, and deformed, yet whose dark eyes flashed with indomitable fierceness and pride as he donned the helmet with its regal crown, was his father! He was too young for the battle, and Richard bade him remain on the hill, and watch, so as to escape if he saw the white boar and the white rose [2] give way.

Anxious tidings kept on coming in. The duke of Norfolk brought in a paper he had found pinned to his tent in the morning, bearing the lines—

> "Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
> For Dickon thy master is bought and sold;

and when, thus rendered even more anxious, Richard sent to command the personal attendance of Lord Stanley[3] and his brother William, they flatly refused to come. Thereupon he gave instant orders to strike off young Stanley's head;[4] but the opposite army already showed signs of movement, and the execution was deferred.

Richard then arrayed his men. His army seems to have numbered about 16,000, and he decided on extending the vanguard to the utmost, so as if possible to outflank and enwrap the enemy. In their centre he placed a dense body of archers, and amongst them seven score guns called sargents, chained and locked in a row, behind a trench, with the men who knew how to use harquebuses and morris-pikes

[2] *The white boar was Richard's own badge; the white rose the badge of the House of York.* [3] *Both Richard and Henry hoped for Lord Stanley's aid. He had married Richmond's mother; but he had been loaded with honours by Richard. His choice was in the end to turn the battle, as he led a large force to the field.* [4] *Lord Stanley's son, Lord Strange, was kept by Richard as a hostage for his father's loyalty.*

also stationed round them, all guarded by a trench. This was under the command of Norfolk; the second line under that of Northumberland;[5] and Richard himself took charge of a body of troops formed into a dense square, with wings of horsemen. Henry, meantime, was almost as uneasy about the Stanleys as Richard himself, for neither did they obey his summons; and without their 8,000, his force was no more than 5,000. He formed this little troop into three lines, spreading them as far as possible, giving the centre to the experienced Earl of Oxford, the right wing to Sir Gilbert Talbot, the left to Sir John Savage. He rode through the army, giving them comfortable words—entirely armed, all save his helmet; and the long golden hair, that witnessed to his Plantagenet ancestry, flowing down to his shoulders. The soldiers closed their helmets and shook their bills; the archers strung their bows and "frushed" their arrows. Each side stood ready for the last of the hundred battles of the Plantagenets.

Richmond moved first, so as to bring the right flank of his army alongside of the swamp, and prevent Richard's long line from closing upon that side, and besides so as to bring the August sun on the backs instead of the faces of his men. They seem to have waited for a charge from the enemy; but as none was made, Oxford resolved to make a sudden and furious dash at the centre, where Norfolk was in command. The fighting was hot and vehement, and the small band of the Lancastrians must have been beaten off, but that the Earl of Northumberland, in the second line, never stirred to the aid of Norfolk. The Duke went down, his son the Earl of Surrey surrendered; and the Mowbray banner was down.

Richard, maddened at the sight, and seeing half his army

[5] *The Earl of Northumberland, like Lord Stanley, had secretly promised aid to Henry.*

standing inactive, determined to make a desperate charge down the hill upon Henry himself; but fevered with the thirst of the agitation of this desperate crisis, he flung himself down and took a long draught from a spring that still goes by the name of Dick's Well. Then he put his lance in the rest, and together with his most attached adherents —Lovell, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Brackenbury, Lord Ferrers, and Sir Gervoise Clifton, and their nearest followers, putting their lances in rest, rode headlong upon Richmond, as indeed the last hope now lay in the destruction of the individual rival. Small and slender as Richard was, he did wonders: he drove his lance through the armpit of Sir William Brandon, the standard bearer; and as Sir John Cheyney, a man of gigantic frame, threw himself in front of Henry, he unhorsed him at the first shock. But others had closed in between the two rivals; and at that moment a knight—Catesby, as it is said—pointed out to the King that Sir William Stanley, hitherto inactive, was moving with his 3,000 men to crush him completely, and tendering to him a swift and fresh horse, advised him to save himself by flight, saying, "I hold it time for ye to fly. Yonder Stanley, his dints be so sore, against them no man may stand. Here is thy horse; another day ye may worship again." "Never!" cried Richard. "Not one foot will I fly so long as breath bides within my breast. Here will I end all my battles or my life. I will die King of England."

Down came cautious Stanley, and the fray thickened. The charge had been but just in time to save Henry, but when it came it was overpowering. "Treason! treason! treason!" cried Richard at every blow; but his followers fell around him, his standard-bearer clinging to his standard and waving it even till his legs were cut from under him, and then he still grasped and waved it till his last gasp. Sir Gervoise Clifton and Sir John Byron, near neighbours,

had, ere parting to take opposite sides, agreed that whichever was on the winning party should protect the family and estates of the other. As Clifton fell, Byron ran to support him on his shield; but Clifton could only murmur, "All is over—remember your pledge;" and Byron did faithfully remember it. Sir Robert Brackenbury met a knight named Hungerford, who had gone over to the Tudor on the march, and defied him as a deserting traitor. "I will not answer in words," said Hungerford, aiming a blow at his head, which he caught on his shield, and shivered it to atoms. "No advantage will I take," cried Hungerford, throwing away his shield; but even then he sorely wounded Brackenbury, who fell; and another knight cried, "Spare his life, brave Hungerford, he has been our friend, and so may be again;" but it was too late, for Brackenbury was already expiring.

Richard, after fighting like a lion, and hewing down whatever came within the sweep of his sword, was falling under the weight of numbers, and loud shouts proclaimed his fall. His party turned and fled, and were pursued closely for about fifty minutes, during which towards a thousand men were slain, and tradition declares that the mounds along the track are their graves. Drayton sings—

> "O Redmore Heath! then it seemed thy name was not in vain,
> When with a thousand's blood the earth was coloured red."

This was just as the old English name of Senlac became in Norman mouths Sangue lac after Hastings. At last a steep rising ground, after about two miles, slackened the pursuit, for Henry had no desire to fulfil Richard's bloody prophecy. His uncle, Jasper Earl of Pembroke, and Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Oxford, victorious at last after their many piteous defeats, and Lord Stanley, halted with him; and Sir Reginald Bray came up with the crown that Richard had

so proudly worn, and which he had found hanging on a hawthorn bush, dinted and battered; but such as it was the Lord Stanley set it on Henry's head, and shouts of "God save King Harry!" rang throughout the field. Crown Hill became the name of the eminence, and Henry adopted as his badge the Crown in the May-bush. He knelt down and returned thanks for his victory.

VII.

THE FIELD OF CLOTH OF GOLD.

YONGE.

[With the accession of the House of Tudor the civil wars came to an end. The aim of Henry the Seventh was not only to give peace to the country, but to raise the power of the crown high above the barons who had set up and put down kings. With his reign the feudal character of England came to an end; while the rare assemblage of Parliaments freed the monarchy from the restraints which the Houses had put upon it. His son, Henry the Eighth, succeeded to the power which his father had patiently built up at home; and his stirring temper led him to seek for a corresponding influence abroad. Under the guidance of his minister, Cardinal Wolsey, he mixed in the great contest which France and the House of Austria were waging for supremacy over the Continent. Both powers sought his friendship; and in one of their interviews for this purpose Henry and the French King, Francis the First, so vied in splendour, that the field where they met was known as the Field of Cloth of Gold.]

THE place of meeting was to be between Ardres and Guisnes, within the English pale.[1] Hundreds of skilful workmen were employed in erecting the pavilions that were

[1] *The border round Calais.*

to lodge the two courts; barons and gentlemen flocked in from all parts—many of whom, it was said, had spent a whole year's income in fitting themselves for the display; and councillors and heralds rode backwards and forwards incessantly, arranging the precautions and the etiquettes of the meeting. The two kings might, so ruled the statesmen, meet in open field; but neither might trust himself in the camp of the other unless on principles of exchange. They might mutually visit the Queens, but neither might be at home when his brother king visited him. Each must be a hostage for the other.

François's chief tent before Ardres was a magnificent dome, sustained by one mighty mast, and covered without with cloth of gold, lined with blue velvet, with all the orbs of heaven worked on it in gold, and on the top, outside, a hollow golden figure of St. Michael. The cords were of blue silk twisted with gold of Cyprus; but the chronicler of the French display is obliged to confess that the King of England's lodgings were *trop plus belle.*[2] They were certainly more solid, for eleven hundred workmen, mostly from Holland and Flanders, had been employed on them for weeks, chiefly about the hangings, for the framework was of English timber, and made at home. Bacchus presided over a fountain of wine in the court, with several subordinate fountains of red, white, and claret wines, and the motto, "*Faites bonne chère qui vouldra,*"[3] a politer one than that which labelled the savage man with a bow and arrows who stood before the door, "*Cui adhæreo præest,*"—He prevails to whom I adhere. The outside of the castle was canvas painted to resemble stone work, the inside hung with the richest arras, and all divided into halls, chambers, and galleries, like any palace at home, with a chapel of the utmost splendour. It had the great advantage of superior

[2] *Far more beautiful.* [3] *Let who will make good cheer.*

stability, for a high wind levelled François's blue dome with the dust, and forced him to take shelter in the old castle of Ardres.

On the first day, Wolsey had a conference with François, Duprat with Henry, the upshot of which was that their children should be married. One hundred thousand crowns a year were to be paid to Henry, nominally with a view to this hypothetical marriage, but really to secure his neutrality;[4] and the affairs of Scotland were to be settled by the arbitration of Louise of Savoy[5] and Cardinal Wolsey.

This settled, each king got on horseback, himself and steed both wearing as much cloth of gold and silver as could possibly be put on them, and met in the valley of Ardres. They saluted and embraced on horseback, and then dismounting at the same moment, walked arm-in-arm into the tent prepared for them, where a splendid feast was spread, with two trees in the midst, the English hawthorn and French raspberry lovingly entwined. Lists had been prepared, and invitations to a tournament issued long before; and on the 11th of June, Queen Katharine and Queen Claude[6] sat side by side, with their feet on a foot-cloth broidered with seed-pearls, to admire the jousting, in which both their husbands took a part. Armour had come to such a state of cumbrous perfection by this time, that it was not very easy to be killed in a real battle (barring fire-arms), and tilting matches were very safe amusements. Six days were given to tilting with the lance, two to fights with the broad-sword on horseback, two to fighting on foot at the barriers. On the last day there was some wrestling at the barriers, and Henry, who was fond of the sport, and never had tried it with an equal, put his hand on his good brother's collar

[4] *In the struggle of Francis with Charles of Austria.*
[5] *The French King's mother.* [6] *The Queens of England and France.*

and challenged him to try a fall. Both were in the prime of life, stately, well-made men; but François was the younger, lighter, and more agile, and Henry, to his amazement, found himself on his back. He rose and demanded another turn; but the noblemen interfered, thinking it a game that might leave animosities.

François was heartily weary of the formalities of their intercourse, and early one morning called a page and two gentlemen, mounted his horse and rode up to the English canvas castle, where he found Henry still in bed, and merrily offered himself to him as captive, to which Henry responded in the same tone, by leaping up and throwing a rich collar round his neck by way of chain. François then undertook to help him to dress, warming his shirt, spreading out his hose, and trussing his points—namely, tying the innumerable little strings that connected the doublet with the hose or breeches, rendering it nearly impossible to dress without assistance. After having had his frolic François rode home again, meeting a lecture on the way from the Sieur de Fleuranges, who took him to task thus: "Sire, I am glad to see you back; but allow me to tell you, my master, that you were a fool for what you have done, and ill-luck betide those who advised you to it."

"That was no one—the thought was my own," replied the King.

And the King was altogether the more reasonable, for Englishmen had never been in the habit of murdering or imprisoning their guests, and never in his life did Henry VIII. show a taste for assassination. Yet when he beheld the arrogant manners and extraordinary display of the Constable of France, Charles de Bourbon, he could not help observing, mindful of what Warwick had been, "If I had such a subject as that, his head should not stay long on his shoulders."

The next day, which was the last of this gorgeous fortnight—Midsummer Day—King Henry apparelled himself like Hercules. That is to say, he had a shirt of silver damask with the discourteous motto, "*En femes et infauntes cy petit assurance*," [7] on his head a garland of green damask cut into vine and hawthorn leaves, in his hand a club covered with "green damask full of pricks;" the Nemean lion's skull was of cloth of gold, "wrought and frizzed with flat gold of damask" for the mane, and buskins of gold. His sister Mary, in white and crimson satin, accompanied him; also the nine worthies, nineteen ladies, and a good many more, mounted on horses trapped with yellow and white velvet. Thus they set out to visit Queen Claude at Guisnes, meeting halfway a fantastic chariot, containing King François and all his masquers, on their way to make a like call upon Queen Katharine. The two parties took no notice of each other, but passed on; but when returning after supper they met again, the Kings embraced, exchanged presents, and bade farewell, when verily the scene must have been stranger than any other ever enacted under the open sky—a true midsummer night's dream.

"During this triumph," observed Hall, who was never more in his element, "so much people of Picardy and west Flanders drew to Guisnes to see the King of England and his honour, to whom victuals of the court were in plenty; the conduit of the gate ran wine always,—there were vagabonds, ploughmen, labourers, waggoners, and beggars, that for drunkenness lay in routs and heaps. So great resort thither came, that both knights and ladies that were come to see the nobleness were fain to lie in hay and straw, and held them thereof highly pleased."

And of these same knights and ladies, the French memoir writer, Du Bellay, says, "I will not pause to relate the great

[7] *Little trust can be in women and children.*

superfluous expense, for it cannot be estimated. It was such that many wore their mills, their forests, and their meadows, upon their backs."

VIII.

FLODDEN FIELD.

SCOTT.

[In spite of this show of friendship Henry's alliance was really given to the French King's rival, the Emperor Charles the Fifth; and Francis avenged himself by spurring the Scots to make war on England. Their King, James the Fourth, led his army over the English border into Northumberland, and there met the English at Flodden Field.]

THE Scottish army had fixed their camp upon a hill called Flodden, which rises to close in, as it were, the extensive flat called Millfield Plain. This eminence slopes steeply towards the plain, and there is an extended piece of level ground on the top, where the Scots might have drawn up their army, and awaited at great advantage the attack of the English. Surrey[1] liked the idea of venturing an assault on that position so ill, that he resolved to try whether he could not prevail on the King to abandon it. He sent a herald to invite James to come down from the height, and join battle in the open plain of Millfield below—reminded him of the readiness with which he had accepted his former challenge—and hinted, that it was the opinion of the English chivalry assembled for battle that any delay of the encounter would sound to the King's dishonour. We have seen that James was sufficiently rash and imprudent, but

[1] *The Earl of Surrey, the English leader.*

his impetuosity did not reach to the pitch Surrey perhaps expected. He refused to receive the messenger into his presence, and returned for answer to the message, that it was not such as it became an earl to send to a king.

Surrey, therefore, distressed for provisions, was obliged to resort to another mode of bringing the Scots to action. He moved northward, sweeping round the hill of Flodden, keeping out of the reach of the Scottish artillery, until, crossing the Till near Twisell castle, he placed himself, with his whole army, betwixt James and his own kingdom. The King suffered him to make this flank movement without interruption, though it must have afforded repeated and advantageous opportunities for attack. But when he saw the English army interposed betwixt him and his dominions, he became alarmed lest he should be cut off from Scotland. In this apprehension he was confirmed by one Giles Musgrave, an Englishman, whose counsel he used upon the occasion, and who assured him that if he did not descend and fight with the English army, the Earl of Surrey would enter Scotland, and lay waste the whole country. Stimulated by this apprehension the King resolved to give signal for the fatal battle. With this view the Scots set fire to their huts and the other refuse and litter of their camp. The smoke spread along the side of the hill, and under its cover the army of King James descended the eminence, which is much less steep on the northern than the southern side, while the English advanced to meet them, both concealed from each other by the clouds of smoke.

The Scots descended in four strong columns, all marching parallel to each other, having a reserve of the Lothian men, commanded by Earl Bothwell. The English were also divided into four bodies, with a reserve of cavalry led by Dacre.

The battle commenced at the hour of four in the afternoon. The first which encountered was the left wing of the Scots, commanded by the Earl of Huntly and Lord Home, which overpowered and threw into disorder the right wing of the English, under Sir Edmund Howard. Sir Edmund was beaten down, his standard taken, and he himself in danger of instant death, when he was relieved by the Bastard Heron, who came up at the head of a band of determined outlaws like himself, and extricated Howard. But the English cavalry, under Dacre, which acted as a reserve, appears to have kept the victors in check; while Thomas Howard, the lord high admiral, who commanded the second division of the English, bore down and routed the Scottish division commanded by Crawford and Montrose, who were both slain. Thus matters went on the Scottish left. Upon the extreme right of James's army a division of Highlanders, consisting of the clans of MacKenzie, MacLean and others, commanded by the Earls of Lennox and Argyle were so insufferably annoyed by the volleys of English arrows, that they broke their ranks, and, in despite of the cries, entreaties, and signals of the French ambassador, who endeavoured to stop them, rushed tumultuously down hill, and being at once attacked in front and rear by Sir Edward Stanley, with the men of Cheshire and Lancashire, were routed with great slaughter.

The only Scottish division which remains to be mentioned was commanded by James in person, and consisted of the choicest of his nobles and gentry, whose armour was so good that the arrows made but slight impression upon them. They were all on foot—the King himself had parted with his horse. They engaged the Earl of Surrey, who opposed to them the division which he personally commanded. The Scots attacked with the greatest fury, and, for a time, had the better. Surrey's squadrons were

disordered, his standard in great danger, Bothwell and the Scottish reserve were advancing, and the English seemed in some risk of losing the battle. But Stanley, who had defeated the Highlanders, came up on one flank of the King's division; the admiral, who had conquered Crawford and Montrose, assailed them on the other. The Scots showed the most undaunted courage. Uniting themselves with the reserve under Bothwell they formed into a circle, with their spears extended on every side, and fought obstinately. Bows being now useless, the English advanced on all sides with their bills, a huge weapon which made ghastly wounds. But they could not force the Scots either to break or retire, although the carnage among them was dreadful. James himself died amidst his warlike peers and loyal gentry. He was twice wounded with arrows, and at length despatched with a bill. Night fell without the battle being absolutely decided, for the Scottish centre kept their ground, and Home and Dacre held each other at bay. But during the night the remainder of the Scottish army drew off in silent despair from the bloody field, on which they left their King and their choicest nobles and gentlemen.

This great and decisive victory was gained by the Earl of Surrey on 9th September, 1513. The victors had about five thousand men slain, the Scots twice that number at least. But the loss lay not so much in the number of the slain as in their rank and quality. The English lost very few men of distinction. The Scots left on the field the King, two bishops, two mitred abbots, twelve earls, thirteen lords, and five eldest sons of peers. The number of gentlemen slain was beyond calculation—there is scarcely a family of name in Scottish history who did not lose a relative there.

The body which the English affirm to have been that of James was found on the field by Lord Dacre, and carried

by him to Berwick, and presented to Surrey. Both of these lords knew James's person too well to be mistaken. The body was also acknowledged by his two favourite attendants, Sir William Scott and Sir John Forman, who wept at beholding it. The fate of these relics was singular and degrading. They were not committed to the tomb, for the Pope, being at that time in alliance with England against France, had laid James under a sentence of excommunication, so that no priest dared pronounce the funeral service over them. The royal corpse was therefore embalmed and sent to the Monastery of Sheen, in Surrey. It lay there till the Reformation, when the monastery was given to the Duke of Suffolk; and after that period the body, which was lapped up in a sheet of lead, was suffered to toss about the house like a piece of useless lumber. Stow, the historian, saw it flung into a waste room among old pieces of wood, lead, and other rubbish. Some idle workmen, "for their foolish pleasure," says the same writer, "hewed off the head; and one Lancelot Young, master-glazier to Queen Elizabeth, finding a sweet smell come from thence, owing doubtless to the spices used for embalming the body, carried the head home and kept it for some time; but in the end caused the sexton of Saint Michael's, Wood Street, to bury it in the charnel-house."

IX.

THE TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

GREEN.

[While Henry the Eighth was thus dreaming of foreign wars and conquests, the world was being stirred by the first movements of the religious change called the Reformation. This began with Luther, who soon won

Northern Germany from its adherence to the Pope; but it passed over to England, where the ground had been prepared for it by the previous efforts of Wyclif and the Lollards.]

As a great social and political movement Lollardry had ceased to exist, and little remained of the directly religious impulse given by Wyclif beyond a vague restlessness and discontent with the system of the Church. But weak and fitful as was the life of Lollardry, the prosecutions whose records lie scattered over the bishops' registers failed wholly to kill it. We see groups meeting here and there to read "in a great book of heresy all one night certain chapters of the Evangelists in English," while transcripts of Wyclif's tracts passed from hand to hand. The smouldering embers needed but a breath to fan them into flame, and the breath came from William Tyndale. Born among the Cotswolds[1] when Bosworth Field gave England to the Tudors, Tyndale passed from Oxford to Cambridge to feel the full impulse given by the appearance there of the New Testament of Erasmus.[2] From that moment one thought was at his heart. He "perceived by experience how that it was impossible to establish the lay people in any truth except the scripture were plainly laid before their eyes in their mother tongue." "If God spare my life," he said to a learned controversialist, "ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth a plough shall know more of the scripture than thou dost." But he was a man of forty before his dream became fact. Drawn from his retirement in Gloucestershire by the news of Luther's protest at Wittemberg,[3] he found shelter

[1] *In Gloucestershire.* [2] *A Dutch scholar whose version of the Greek Testament, with notes, gave the first impulse to new religious thought. He taught for a while at Cambridge.*

[3] *Luther began his work by a protest against the sale of indulgences or the remission of purgatorial punishment for sins.*

for a year with a London alderman, Humfrey Monmouth. "He studied most part of the day at his book," said his host afterwards, "and would eat but sodden meat by his good will and drink but small single beer." The book at which he studied was the Bible. But it was soon needful to quit England if his purpose was to hold. "I understood at the last not only that there was no room in my lord of London's[4] palace to translate the New Testament, but also that there was no place to do it in all England."

From Hamburg, where he took refuge in 1524, he probably soon found his way to the little town which had suddenly become the sacred city of the Reformation.[5] Students of all nations were flocking there with an enthusiasm which resembled that of the Crusades. "As they came in sight of the town," a contemporary tells us, "they returned thanks to God with clasped hands, for from Wittemberg, as heretofore from Jerusalem, the light of evangelical truth had spread to the utmost parts of the earth." Such a visit could only fire Tyndale to face the "poverty, exile, bitter absence from friends, hunger and thirst and cold, great dangers, and innumerable other hard and sharp fightings," which the work he had set himself was to bring with it. In 1525 his version of the New Testament was completed, and means were furnished by English merchants for printing it at Köln. But Tyndale had soon to fly with his sheets to Worms, a city whose Lutheran tendencies made it a safer refuge, and it was from Worms that six thousand copies of the New Testament were sent in 1526 to English shores.

The King was keenly opposed to a book which he looked on as made "at the solicitation and instance of Luther;" and even the men of the New[6] Learning, from whom it

[4] *The Bishop of London.* [5] *Wittemberg, where Luther taught.* [6] *The scholars who sympathized with learning and*

might have hoped for welcome, were estranged from it by its Lutheran origin. We can only fairly judge their action by viewing it in the light of the time. What Warham and More[7] saw over sea might well have turned them from a movement which seemed breaking down the very foundations of religion and society. Not only was the fabric of the Church rent asunder and the centre of Christian unity[8] denounced as "Babylon," but the reform itself seemed passing into anarchy. Luther was steadily moving onward from the denial of one Catholic dogma to that of another; and what Luther still clung to his followers were ready to fling away. Carlstadt was denouncing the reformer of Wittemberg as fiercely as Luther himself had denounced the Pope, and meanwhile the religious excitement was kindling wild dreams of social revolution, and men stood aghast at the horrors of a Peasant War which broke out in Southern Germany. It was not therefore as a mere translation of the Bible that Tyndale's work reached England. It came as a part of the Lutheran movement, and it bore the Lutheran stamp in its version of ecclesiastical words. "Church" became "congregation," "priest" was changed into "elder." It came too in company with Luther's bitter invectives and reprints of the tracts of Wyclif, which the German traders of the Steelyard[9] were importing in large numbers. We can hardly wonder that More denounced the book as heretical, or that Warham ordered it to be given up by all who possessed it.

Wolsey took little heed of religious matters, but his policy was one of political adhesion to Rome, and he presided over a solemn penance to which some Steelyard men sub-

with the work of Erasmus were called "Men of the New Learning." [7] *Archbishop Warham and Sir Thomas More were the heads of the New Learning in England.* [8] *Rome, or the Papacy.* [9] *The London establishment of the traders from the Hanseatic towns of North Germany.*

mitted in St. Paul's. "With six and thirty abbots, mitred priors, and bishops, and he in his whole pomp mitred" the Cardinal looked on while "great baskets full of books . . . were commanded after the great fire was made before the Rood of Northen," the crucifix by the great north door of the cathedral, "thus to be burned, and those heretics to go thrice about the fire and to cast in their fagots." But scenes and denunciations such as these were vain in the presence of an enthusiasm which grew every hour. "Englishmen," says a scholar of the time, "were so eager for the gospel as to affirm that they would buy a New Testament even if they had to give a hundred thousand pieces of money for it." Bibles and pamphlets were smuggled over to England and circulated among the poorer and trading classes through the agency of an association of "Christian Brethren," consisting principally of London tradesmen and citizens, but whose missionaries spread over the country at large.

They found their way at once to the Universities where the intellectual impulse given by the New Learning was quickening religious speculation. Cambridge had already won a name for heresy; Barnes, one of its foremost scholars, had to carry his fagot before Wolsey at St. Paul's; two other Cambridge teachers, Bilney and Latimer, were already known as "Lutherans." The Cambridge scholars whom Wolsey introduced into Cardinal College[10] which he was founding spread the contagion through Oxford. A group of "Brethren" was formed in Cardinal College for the secret reading and discussion of the Epistles; and this soon included the more intelligent and learned scholars of the University. It was in vain that Clark, the centre of this group, strove to dissuade fresh members from joining it by warnings of the impending dangers. "I fell

[10] *Now Christ-Church.*

down on my knees at his feet," says one of them, Anthony Dalaber, "and with tears and sighs besought him that for the tender mercy of God he should not refuse me, saying that I trusted verily that he who had begun this on me would not forsake me, but would give me grace to continue therein to the end. When he heard me say so he came to me, took me in his arms, and kissed me, saying, 'The Lord God Almighty grant you so to do, and from henceforth ever take me for your father, and I will take you for my son in Christ.'"

X.

CORONATION OF ANNE BOLEYN.

FROUDE.

[Henry the Eighth had no love for the new opinions: but at this moment he was drawn into a quarrel with the Papacy by its refusal to divorce him from his Queen, Catharine of Aragon. The quarrel widened into an actual breach between Rome and England. Henry threw off all connexion with Rome, and in defiance of its injunctions married a new queen, Anne Boleyn. Her solemn coronation announced that the separation of England from the Papacy was irrevocable.]

On the morning of the 31st of May, the families of the London citizens were stirring early in all houses. From Temple Bar to the Tower the streets were fresh strewed with gravel, the footpaths were railed off along the whole distance, and occupied on one side by the gilds, their workmen and apprentices, on the other by the city constables and officials in their gaudy uniforms, "with their staves in hand for to cause the people to keep good

room and order." Cornhill and Gracechurch Street had dressed their fronts in scarlet and crimson, in arras and tapestry, and the rich carpet-work from Persia and the East. Cheapside, to outshine her rivals, was draped even more splendidly in cloth of gold, and tissue and velvet. The sheriffs were pacing up and down on their great Flemish horses, hung with liveries, and all the windows were thronged with ladies crowding to see the procession pass. At length the Tower guns opened, the grim gates rolled back, and under the archway, in the bright May sunshine, the long column began slowly to defile. Two states only permitted their representatives to grace the scene with their presence—Venice and France. It was perhaps to make the most of this isolated countenance that the French ambassador's train formed the van of the cavalcade. Twelve French knights came riding foremost in surcoats of blue velvet with sleeves of yellow silk, their horses trapped in blue, with white crosses powdered on their hangings. After them followed a troop of English gentlemen, two and two, and then the Knights of the Bath, "in gowns of violet with hoods purfled with miniver, like doctors." Next, perhaps at a little interval, the abbots passed on mitred in their robes; the barons followed in crimson velvet, the bishops then, and then the earls and marquises, the dresses of each order increasing in elaborate gorgeousness. All these rode on in pairs. Then came alone Audeley, Lord Chancellor, and behind him the Venetian ambassador and the Archbishop of York; the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Du Bellay, Bishop of Bayonne and of Paris, not now with bugle and hunting-frock, but solemn with stole and crozier. Next, the lord mayor, with the city mace in hand, and Garter in his coat-of-arms; and then Lord William Howard—Belted Will Howard, of the Scottish Border, Marshal of England. The

officers of the Queen's household succeeded the marshal in scarlet and gold, and the van of the procession was closed by the Duke of Suffolk, as high constable, with his silver wand. It is no easy matter to picture to ourselves the blazing trail of splendour which in such a pageant must have drawn along the London streets,—those streets which now we know so black and smoke-grimed, themselves then radiant with masses of colour, gold, and crimson, and violet. Yet there it was, and there the sun could shine upon it, and tens of thousands of eyes were gazing on the scene out of the crowded lattices.

Glorious as the spectacle was, perhaps however it passed unheeded. Those eyes were watching all for another object which now drew near. In an open space behind the constable there was seen approaching a "white chariot," drawn by two palfreys in white damask which swept the ground; a golden canopy borne above it, making music with silver bells: and in the chariot sat the observed of all observers, the beautiful occasion of all this glittering homage; fortune's plaything of the hour,[1] the Queen of England—queen at last—borne along upon the waves of this sea of glory, breathing the perfumed incense of greatness which she had risked her fair name, her delicacy, her honour, her self-respect to win; and she had won it. There she sate, dressed in white tissue robes, her fair hair flowing loose over her shoulders, and her temples circled with a light coronet of gold and diamonds—most beautiful—loveliest—most favoured perhaps, as she seemed at that hour, of all England's daughters.

Three short years have yet to pass, and again, on a summer morning, Queen Anne Boleyn will leave the Tower of London—not radiant then with beauty on a gay errand of coronation, but a poor wandering ghost, on a sad tragic

[1] *Anne Boleyn.*

errand, from which she will never more return, passing away out of an earth, where she may stay no longer, into a presence where, nevertheless, we know that all is well—for all of us—and therefore for her.

But let us not cloud her short-lived sunshine with the shadow of the future. She went on in her loveliness, the peeresses following in their carriages, with the royal guard in their rear. In Fenchurch Street she was met by the children of the city schools; and at the corner of Gracechurch Street a masterpiece had been prepared of the pseudo-classic art, then so fashionable, by the merchants of the Styll-yard. A Mount Parnassus had been constructed, and a Helicon fountain upon it playing into a basin with four jets of Rhenish wine. On the top of the mountain sat Apollo with Calliope at his feet, and on either side the remaining Muses, holding lutes or harps, and singing each of them some "posy" or epigram in praise of the Queen, which was presented, after it had been sung, written in letters of gold. From Gracechurch Street, the procession passed to Leadenhall, where there was a spectacle in better taste, of the old English Catholic kind, quaint perhaps and forced, but truly and even beautifully emblematic. There was again "a little mountain," which was hung with red and white roses; a gold ring was placed on the summit, on which, as the Queen appeared, a white falcon was made to "descend as out of the sky"—"and then incontinent came down an angel with great melody, and set a close crown of gold upon the falcon's head; and in the same pageant sat Saint Anne with all her issue beneath her; and Mary Cleophas with her four children, of the which children one made a goodly oration to the Queen, of the fruitfulness of Saint Anne, trusting that the fruit should come of her."

With such "pretty conceits," at that time the honest tokens of an English welcome, the new Queen was received

by the citizens of London. These scenes must be multiplied by the number of the streets, where some fresh fancy met her at every turn. To preserve the festivities from flagging, every fountain and conduit within the walls ran all day with wine; the bells of every steeple were ringing; children lay in wait with songs, and ladies with posies, in which all the resources of fantastic extravagance were exhausted; and thus in an unbroken triumph—and to outward appearance received with the warmest affection—she passed under Temple Bar, down the Strand by Charing Cross to Westminster Hall. The King was not with her throughout the day; nor did he intend to be with her in any part of the ceremony. She was to reign without a rival, the undisputed sovereign of the hour.

Saturday being passed in showing herself to the people, she retired for the night to "the King's manour-house at Westminster," where she slept. On the following morning between eight and nine o'clock she returned to the Hall, where the lord mayor, the city council, and the peers were again assembled, and took her place on the high daïs at the top of the stairs under the cloth of state; while the bishops, the abbots, and the monks of the Abbey formed in the area. A railed way had been laid with carpets across Palace Yard and the Sanctuary to the Abbey gates, and when all was ready, preceded by the peers in their robes of Parliament, the Knights of the Garter in the dress of the order, she swept out under her canopy, the bishops and the monks "solemnly singing." The train was borne by the old Duchess of Norfolk, her aunt, the Bishops of London and Winchester on either side "bearing up the lappets of her robe." The Earl of Oxford carried the crown on its cushion immediately before her. She was dressed in purple velvet furred with ermine, her hair escaping loose, as she usually wore it, under a wreath of diamonds. On entering

the Abbey she was led to the coronation chair, where she sat while the train fell into their places, and the preliminaries of the ceremonial were despatched. Then she was conducted up to the high altar and anointed Queen of England, and she received from the hands of Cranmer,[2] fresh come in haste from Dunstable, with the last words of his sentence upon Catharine scarcely silent upon his lips, the golden sceptre and St. Edward's crown.

XI.

WYAT'S INSURRECTION.

LINGARD.

[Anne Boleyn was soon divorced and put to death; but Henry still clung to his independence of Rome. But though thus parted from the Pope, he strove to avoid any change of religious belief, for he hated Protestantism as much as he hated Rome. When he died, however, the Protestants became rulers of England. The new King, Edward the Sixth, was a boy; and the nobles who ruled in his name were Protestants and forced their belief on the land. There was revolt and discontent, for the bulk of Englishmen were like Henry the Eighth, and wished to be free from Rome, but to retain their old beliefs. Revolt however was put down; and all had to be Protestants till Edward died, a few years afterwards. Then his sister Mary came to the throne. She was a bigoted Catholic, and set herself to undo all that had been done. Not only did she do away with Protestantism, but she brought England again under obedience to the See of Rome. At first she did not persecute the Protestants: but they feared she would soon do so; and their fears were increased by news of Mary's purpose to wed Philip of Spain. They rose in revolt in Western and Middle England, and above all in Kent.]

[2] *Cranmer was Archbishop of Canterbury. He had just pronounced the sentence of divorce between Henry and Catharine.*

It was in Kent only that the insurrection assumed a formidable appearance under the direction of Sir Thomas Wyat. If we may believe his own assertion, he ought not to be charged with the origin of the conspiracy. It was formed without his knowledge, and was first communicated to him by the Earl of Devon; but he engaged in it with cheerfulness, under the persuasion that the marriage of the Queen with Philip would be followed by the death of the Lady Elizabeth,[1] and by the subversion of the national liberties. By the apostasy of Courtenay,[2] he became one of the principals in the insurrection: and while his associates, by their presumption and weakness, proved themselves unequal to the attempt, he excited the applause of his very adversaries, by the secrecy and address with which he organized the rising, and by the spirit and perseverance with which he conducted the enterprise. The moment he drew the sword, fifteen hundred armed men assembled around him; while five thousand others remained at their homes, ready, at the first toll of the alarum-bell, to crowd to his standard. He fixed his head-quarters in the old and ruinous castle of Rochester; a squadron of five sail, in the Thames, under his secret associate Winter, supplied him with cannon and ammunition; and batteries were erected to command the passage of the bridge, and the opposite bank of the river. Yet fortune did not appear to favour his first attempts. Sir Robert Southwell dispersed a party of insurgents under Knevet; the Lord Abergavenny defeated a large reinforcement led by Isley, another of the conspirators; and the citizens of Canterbury rejected his entreaties and derided his threats. It required all his address to keep his followers together.[4] Though he boasted of the succours which he daily expected from France

[1] *Anne Boleyn's daughter, afterwards Queen Elizabeth.*
[2] *The Earl of Devon.*

though he circulated reports of successful risings in other parts of the country, many of the insurgents began to waver; several sent to the council offers to return to their duty, on condition of pardon; and there is reason to believe that the main force under Wyat would have dissolved of itself, had it been suffered to remain a few days longer in a state of inactivity.

But the Duke of Norfolk had already marched from London, with a detachment of guards, under the command of Sir Henry Jerningham. He was immediately followed by five hundred Londoners, led by Captain Bret, and was afterwards joined by the Sheriff of Kent with the bands of the county. This force was far inferior in number to the enemy; and, what was of more disastrous consequence, some of its leaders were in secret league with Wyat. The Duke, having in vain made an offer of pardon, ordered the bridge to be forced. The troops were already in motion, when Bret, who led the van, halted his column, and raising his sword, exclaimed, "Masters, we are going to fight in an unholy quarrel against our friends and countrymen, who seek only to preserve us from the dominion of foreigners. Wherefore I think that no English heart should oppose them, and am resolved for my own part to shed my blood in the cause of this worthy captain, Master Wyat." This address was seconded by Brian Fitzwilliam; shouts of "a Wyat! a Wyat!" burst from the ranks; and the Londoners, instead of advancing against the rebels, faced about to oppose the royalists. At that moment Wyat himself joined them at the head of his cavalry; and the Duke, with his principal officers, apprehending a general defection, fled towards Gravesend. Seven pieces of artillery fell into the hands of the insurgents; their ranks were recruited from the deserters; and the whole body, confident of victory, began their march in the direction of London.

This unexpected result revealed to the Queen the alarming secret that the conspiracy had pushed its branches into the very heart of the metropolis. Every precaution was immediately taken for the security of the court, the Tower, and the city; the bridges for fifteen miles were broken down, and the boats secured on the opposite bank of the river; the neighbouring peers received orders to raise their tenantry, and hasten to the protection of the royal person; and a reward of one hundred pounds per annum in land was offered for the apprehension of Wyat. That chieftain, with fifteen thousand men under his command, had marched through Dartford to Greenwich and Deptford, when a message from the council, inquiring into the extent of his demands, betrayed their diffidence, and added to his presumption. In the court and the council-room, nothing was to be heard but expressions of mistrust and apprehension; some blamed the precipitancy of Gardiner[3] in the change of religion; some the interested policy of the advisers of the Spanish match; and the imperial ambassadors, with the exception of Renard, fearing for their lives, escaped in a merchant-vessel lying in the river. The Queen[4] alone appeared firm and collected; she betrayed no symptom of fear, no doubt of the result; she ordered her ministers to provide the means of defence, and undertook to fix, by her confidence and address, the wavering loyalty of the Londoners. The lord mayor had called an extraordinary meeting of the citizens; and, at three in the afternoon, Mary, with the sceptre in her hand, and accompanied by her ladies and officers of state, entered the Guildhall. She was received with every demonstration of respect, and, in a firm and dignified tone, complained of the disobedience and insolence of the men of Kent. At first the leaders had condemned her intended marriage with the Prince of

[3] *Bishop of Winchester and minister of the Queen.* [4] *Mary.*

Spain; now they had betrayed their real design. They demanded the custody of her person, the appointment of her council, and the command of the Tower. Their object was to obtain the exercise of the royal authority, and to abolish the national worship. But she was convinced that her people loved her too well to surrender her into the hands of rebels. "As for this marriage," she continued, "ye shall understand that I enterprised not the doing thereof, without the advice of all our privy council; nor am I, I assure ye, so bent to my own will, or so affectionate, that for my own pleasure I would choose where I lust, or needs must have a husband. I have hitherto lived a maid; and doubt nothing, but with God's grace I am able to live so still. Certainly, did I think that this marriage were to the hurt of you my subjects, or the impeachment of my royal estate, I would never consent thereunto. And, I promise you, on the word of a queen, that, if it shall not appear to the Lords and Commons in parliament to be for the benefit of the whole realm, I will never marry while I live. Wherefore, stand fast against these rebels, your enemies and mine; fear them not, for I assure ye, I fear them nothing at all; and I will leave with you my Lord Howard and my lord admiral, who will be assistant with the mayor for your defence." With these words she departed; the hall rang with acclamations; and by the next morning more than twenty thousand men had enrolled their names for the protection of the city.

The next day Wyat entered Southwark. But his followers had dwindled to seven thousand men, and were hourly diminishing. No succours had arrived from France; no insurrection had burst forth in any other county; and the royal army was daily strengthened by reinforcements. The batteries erected on the walls of the Tower compelled him to leave Southwark; but he had by this time arranged a

plan with some of the reformers in the city to surprise Ludgate an hour before sunrise; and for that purpose directed his march towards Kingston. Thirty feet of the wooden bridge had been destroyed; but he swam, or prevailed on two seamen to swim, across the river, and, having procured a boat from the opposite bank, laboured with a few associates at the repairs, while his men refreshed themselves in the town. At eleven at night the insurgents passed the bridge; at Brentford they drove in the advanced post of the royalists; but an hour was lost in repairing the carriage of a cannon, and, as it became too late for Wyat to keep his appointment at Ludgate, the chief of his advisers abandoned him in despair. Among these were Poinet, the Protestant Bishop of Winchester, who now hastened to the Continent; and Sir George Harper, who rode to St. James's, and announced the approach and expectations of Wyat. He arrived about two hours after midnight. The palace was instantly filled with alarm; the boldness of the attempt gave birth to reports of treason in the city and the court; and the ministers on their knees, particularly the Chancellor, conjured the Queen to provide for her own safety, by retiring into the Tower. But Mary scorned the timidity of her advisers: from the Earl of Pembroke and Lord Clinton she received assurances that they would do their duty; and in return she announced her fixed determination to remain at her post. In a council of war it was decided to place a strong force at Ludgate, to permit the advance of Wyat, and then to press on him from every quarter, and to inclose him like a wild beast in the toils.

At four in the morning the drum beat to arms; and in a few hours the royalists under Pembroke and Clinton amounted to ten thousand infantry, and fifteen hundred cavalry. The hill opposite St. James's was occupied with a battery of cannon and a strong squadron of horse; lower

down, and nearer to Charing Cross, were posted two divisions of infantry; and several smaller parties were detached to different points in the vicinity. About nine, Wyat reached Hyde Park Corner. Many of his followers who heard of the Queen's proclamation of pardon, had slunk away in the darkness of the night; the rest were appalled at the sight of the formidable array before their eyes. But their leader saw that to recede must be his ruin; he still relied on the co-operation of the conspirators and reformers in the city; and after a short cannonade, seizing a standard, rushed forward to charge the cavalry. They opened; allowed three or four hundred men to pass; and closing, cut off the communication between them and the main body. The insurgents, separated from their leader, did not long sustain the unequal contest; about one hundred were killed, great numbers wounded, and four hundred made prisoners. Wyat paid no attention to the battle which raged behind his back. Intent on his purpose, he hastened through Piccadilly, insulted the gates of the palace, and proceeded towards the city. No molestation was offered by the armed bands stationed on each side of the street. At Ludgate he knocked, and demanded admittance, "for the Queen had granted all his petitions."—"Avaunt, traitor!" exclaimed from the gallery the Lord William Howard, "thou shalt have no entrance here." Disappointed and confounded, he retraced his steps, till he came opposite the inn called the Bel Savage. There he halted a few minutes. To the spectators he seemed absorbed in thought; but was quickly aroused by the shouts of the combatants, and with forty companions continued to fight his way back, till he reached Temple Bar. He found it occupied by a strong detachment of horse; whatever way he turned, fresh bodies of royalists poured upon him; and Norroy king at arms advancing, exhorted him to spare

the blood of his friends, and to yield himself a prisoner. After a moment's pause, he threw away his sword, and surrendered to Sir Maurice Berkeley, who carried him first to the Court, and thence to the Tower.

XII.

THE PROTESTANT MARTYRS.

GREEN.

[Wyat's revolt brought on the persecution it was intended to avert. Mary looked on all Protestants as traitors, and resolved to destroy Protestantism. A law was passed against heretics, and at once put in force.]

WHETHER from without or from within, warning was wasted on the fierce bigotry of the Queen. It was, as Gardiner asserted, not at the counsel of her ministers, but by her own personal will that the laws against heresy had been laid before Parliament; and now that they were enacted Mary pressed for their execution. Her resolve was probably quickened by the action of the Protestant zealots. The failure of Wyat's revolt was far from taming the enthusiasm of the wilder reformers. The restoration of the old worship was followed by outbreaks of bold defiance. A tailor of St. Giles-in-the-Fields shaved a dog with the priestly tonsure. A cat was found hanging in the Cheap[1] "with her head shorn, and the likeness of a vestment cast over her, with her forefeet tied together, and a round piece of paper like a singing cake between them." Yet more galling were the ballads which were circulated in mockery of the mass, the pamphlets which came from the exiles[2]

[1] *Cheapside.* [2] *Many of the Protestants had fled for safety to Switzerland and Germany.*

over sea, the seditious broadsides dropped in the streets, the interludes[3] in which the most sacred acts of the old religion were flouted with ribald mockery. All this defiance only served to quicken afresh the purpose of the Queen. But it was not till the opening of 1555, when she had already been a year and a half on the throne, that the opposition of her councillors was at last mastered, and the persecution began. In February the deprived Bishop of Gloucester, Hooper, was burned in his cathedral city, a London vicar, Lawrence Saunders, at Coventry, and Rogers, a prebendary of St. Paul's, at London. Ferrar, the deprived Bishop of St. David's, who was burned at Caermarthen, was one of eight victims who suffered in March. Four followed in April and May, six in June, eleven in July, eighteen in August, eleven in September. In October Ridley, the deprived Bishop of London, was drawn with Latimer from their prison at Oxford. "Play the man, Master Ridley!" cried the old preacher of the Reformation, as the flames shot up around him; "we shall this day light up such a candle by God's grace in England as I trust shall never be put out."

If the Protestants had not known how to govern indeed, they knew how to die; and the cause which prosperity had ruined revived in the dark hour of persecution. The memory of their violence and greed faded away as they passed unwavering to their doom. Such a story as that of Rowland Taylor, the vicar of Hadleigh, tells us more of the work which was now begun, and of the effect it was likely to produce, than pages of historic dissertation. Taylor, who as a man of mark had been one of the first victims chosen for execution, was arrested in London, and condemned to suffer in his own parish. His wife, "suspecting that her husband should that night be carried away," had

[3] *Rhyming plays.*

waited through the darkness with her children in the porch of St. Botolph's-beside-Aldgate.

"Now when the sheriff and his company came against St. Botolph's Church, Elizabeth cried, saying, 'O my dear father! Mother! mother! here is my father led away!' Then cried his wife, 'Rowland, Rowland, where art thou?' for it was a very dark morning, that the one could not see the other. Dr. Taylor answered, 'I am here, dear wife,' and stayed. The sheriff's men would have led him forth, but the sheriff said, 'Stay a little, masters, I pray you, and let him speak to his wife.' Then came she to him, and he took his daughter Mary in his arms, and he and his wife and Elizabeth knelt down and said the Lord's Prayer. At which sight the sheriff wept apace, and so did divers others of the company. After they had prayed, he rose up and kissed his wife and shook her by the hand, and said, 'Farewell, my dear wife, be of good comfort, for I am quiet in my conscience! God shall still be a father to my children.' . . . Then said his wife, 'God be with thee, dear Rowland! I will, with God's grace, meet thee at Hadleigh.'

"All the way Dr. Taylor was merry and cheerful as one that accounted himself going to a most pleasant banquet or bridal. . . . Coming within two miles of Hadleigh he desired to light off his horse, which done, he leaped and set a frisk or twain as men commonly do for dancing. 'Why, Master Doctor,' quoth the sheriff, 'how do you now?' He answered, 'Well, God be praised, Master Sheriff, never better, for now I know that I am almost at home. I lack not past two stiles to go over, and I am even at my Father's house!' The streets of Hadleigh were beset on both sides with men and women of the town and country who waited to see him whom when they beheld so led to death, with weeping eyes and lamentable voices, they cried, 'Ah, good Lord! there goeth our good shepherd

from us!'" The journey was at last over. "'What place is this,' he asked, 'and what meaneth it that so much people are gathered together?' It was answered, 'It is Oldham Common, the place where you must suffer, and the people are come to look upon you.' Then said he, 'Thanked be God, I am even at home!' But when the people saw his reverend and ancient face, with a long white beard, they burst out with weeping tears and cried, saying, 'God save thee, good Dr. Taylor; God strengthen thee, and help thee; the Holy Ghost comfort thee!' He wished, but was not suffered, to speak. When he had prayed, he went to the stake and kissed it, and set himself into a pitch-barrel which they had set for him to stand on, and so stood with his back upright against the stake, with his hands folded together and his eyes towards heaven, and so let himself be burned." One of the executioners cruelly cast a faggot at him, which hit upon his head and brake his face that the blood ran down his visage. Then said Dr. Taylor, "Oh friend, I have harm enough, what needed that?" One more act of brutality brought his sufferings to an end. "So stood he still without either crying or moving, with his hands folded together, till Soyce with a halberd struck him on the head that the brains fell out, and the dead corpse fell down into the fire."

The terror of death was powerless against men like these. Bonner, the Bishop of London, to whom, as bishop of the diocese in which the Council sate, its victims were generally delivered for execution, but who, in spite of the nickname and hatred which his official prominence in the work of death earned him, seems to have been naturally a good-humoured and merciful man, asked a youth who was brought before him whether he thought he could bear the fire. The boy at once held his hand without flinching in the flame of a candle that stood by. Rogers, a fellow

worker with Tyndale in the translation of the Bible, and one of the foremost among the Protestant preachers, died bathing his hands in the flame "as if it had been in cold water." Even the commonest lives gleamed for a moment into poetry at the stake. "Pray for me," a boy, William Brown, who had been brought home to Brentwood to suffer, asked of the bystanders. "I will pray no more for thee," one of them replied, "than I will pray for a dog." "'Then,' said William, 'Son of God, shine upon me;' and immediately the sun in the elements shone out of a dark cloud so full in his face that he was constrained to look another way; whereat the people mused because it was so dark a little time before." Brentwood lay within a district on which the hand of the Queen fell heavier than elsewhere. The persecution was mainly confined to the more active and populous parts of the country, to London, Kent, Sussex, and the Eastern Counties. Of the two hundred and eighty whom we know to have suffered during the last three years and a half of Mary's reign more than forty were burned in London, seventeen in the neighbouring village of Stratford-le-Bow, four in Islington, two in Southwark, and one each at Barnet, St. Albans, and Ware. Kent, at that time a home of mining and manufacturing industry, suffered as heavily as London. Of its sixty martyrs more than forty were furnished by Canterbury, which was then but a city of some few thousand inhabitants, and seven by Maidstone. The remaining eight suffered at Rochester, Ashford, and Dartford. Of the twenty-five who died in Sussex, the little town of Lewes sent seventeen to the fire. Seventy were contributed by the Eastern Counties, the seat of the woollen manufacture. Beyond these districts executions were rare. Westward of Sussex we find the record of but a dozen martyrdoms, six of which were at Bristol, and four at Salisbury. Chester and Wales contributed but four

sufferers to the list. In the Midland Counties between the Thames and the Humber only twenty-four suffered martyrdom. North of the Humber we find the names of but two Yorkshiremen, burned at Bedale.

XIII.

PHILIP OF SPAIN.

MACAULAY.

[The persecution ended with Mary's death; and her sister Elizabeth, who succeeded her, again restored Protestantism to its old supremacy. The reign of Elizabeth was the greatest in our history; and under her England rose to a power and grandeur it had never known before. During the earlier part of her reign she had to struggle against Mary Stuart, the Queen of Scotland, who claimed her throne, and was backed by the English Catholics: in her later years she had to struggle against Philip of Spain. Philip was eager to crush Protestantism in Western Europe, and this could only be done by crushing England. He was still more anxious to keep Englishmen out of the seas of the New World, which he claimed as his own. The contest with Philip was the greatest war which England had ever waged: and it was in fighting him that she laid the foundation of her empire over the sea.]

THE empire of Philip the Second was undoubtedly one of the most powerful and splendid that ever existed in the world. In Europe, he ruled Spain, Portugal, the Netherlands on both sides of the Rhine, Franche Comté, Roussillon, the Milanese, and the Two Sicilies. Tuscany, Parma, and the other small states of Italy, were as completely dependent on him as the Nizam and the Rajah of Berar now are on the East India Company. In Asia, the King of Spain was master of the Philippines and of all those rich

settlements which the Portuguese had made on the coast of Malabar and Coromandel, in the Peninsula of Malacca, and in the Spice-Islands of the Eastern Archipelago.[1] In America his dominions extended on each side of the equator into the temperate zone. There is reason to believe that his annual revenue amounted, in the season of his greatest power, to a sum near ten times as large as that which England yielded to Elizabeth. He had a standing army of fifty thousand excellent troops, at a time when England had not a single battalion in constant pay. His ordinary naval force consisted of a hundred and forty galleys. He held, what no other prince in modern times has held, the dominion both of the land and of the sea. During the greater part of his reign, he was supreme on both elements. His soldiers marched up to the capital of France; his ships menaced the shores of England.

It is no exaggeration to say that, during several years, his power over Europe was greater than even that of Napoleon. The influence of the French conqueror never extended beyond low-water mark. The narrowest strait was to his power what it was of old believed that a running stream was to the sorceries of a witch. While his army entered every metropolis from Moscow to Lisbon, the English fleets blockaded every port from Dantzic to Trieste. Sicily, Sardinia, Majorca, Guernsey, enjoyed security through the whole course of a war which endangered every throne on the Continent. The victorious and imperial nation which had filled its museums with the spoils of Antwerp, of Florence, and of Rome, was suffering painfully from the want of luxuries which use had made necessaries. While pillars and arches were rising to commemorate the French conquests, the conquerors were trying to manufacture coffee out of succory and sugar out of beet-root. The influence

[1] *Philip conquered Portugal and seized its colonies.*

of Philip on the Continent was as great as that of Napoleon. The Emperor of Germany was his kinsman. France, torn by religious dissensions, was never a formidable opponent, and was sometimes a dependent ally. At the same time Spain had what Napoleon desired in vain, ships, colonies, and commerce. She long monopolised the trade of America and of the Indian Ocean. All the gold of the West, and all the spices of the East, were received and distributed by her. During many years of war her commerce was interrupted only by the predatory enterprises of a few roving privateers. Even after the defeat of the Armada English statesmen continued to look with great dread on the maritime power of Philip. "The King of Spain," said the Lord Keeper to the two Houses in 1593, "since he hath usurped upon the kingdom of Portugal, hath thereby grown mighty, by gaining the East Indies: so as, how great soever he was before, he is now thereby manifestly more great: . . . He keepeth a navy armed to impeach all trade of merchandise from England to Gascoigne and Guienne, which he attempted to do this last vintage; so as he is now become as a frontier enemy to all the west of England, as well as all the south parts, as Sussex, Hampshire, and the Isle of Wight. Yea, by means of his interest in St. Maloes, a port full of shipping for the war, he is a dangerous neighbour to the Queen's isles of Jersey and Guernsey, ancient possessions of this crown, and never conquered in the greatest wars with France."

The ascendency which Spain then had in Europe was, in one sense, well deserved. It was an ascendency which had been gained by unquestioned superiority in all the arts of policy and of war. In the sixteenth century, Italy was not more decidedly the land of the fine arts, Germany was not more decidedly the land of bold theological speculation, than Spain was the land of statesmen and of soldiers. The

character which Virgil has ascribed to his countrymen might have been claimed by the grave and haughty chiefs who surrounded the throne of Ferdinand the Catholic and of his immediate successors. That majestic art, "regere imperio populos," was not better understood by the Romans in the proudest days of their republic than by Gonsalvo and Ximenes, Cortes and Alva. The skill of the Spanish diplomatists was renowned throughout Europe. In England the name of Gondomar is still remembered. The sovereign nation was unrivalled both in regular and irregular warfare. The impetuous chivalry of France, the serried phalanx of Switzerland, were alike found wanting when brought face to face with the Spanish infantry. In the wars of the New World, where something different from ordinary strategy was required in the general and something different from ordinary discipline in the soldier, where it was every day necessary to meet by some new expedient the varying tactics of a barbarous enemy, the Spanish adventurers, sprung from the common people, displayed a fertility of resource, and a talent for negotiation and command, to which history scarcely affords a parallel.

The Castilian of those times was to the Italian what the Roman, in the days of the greatness of Rome, was to the Greek. The conqueror had less ingenuity, less taste, less delicacy of perception than the conquered; but far more pride, firmness, and courage, a more solemn demeanour, a stronger sense of honour. The subject had more subtlety in speculation, the ruler more energy in action. The vices of the former were those of a coward; the vices of the latter were those of a tyrant. It may be added, that the Spaniard, like the Roman, did not disdain to study the arts and the language of those whom he oppressed. A revolution took place in the literature of Spain, not unlike that revolution which, as Horace tells us, took place in the

poetry of Latium. The slave took prisoner the enslaver. The old Castilian ballads gave place to sonnets in the style of Petrarch and to heroic poems in the stanza of Ariosto, as the national songs of Rome were driven out by imitations of Theocritus and translations from Menander.

In no modern society, not even in England during the reign of Elizabeth, has there been so great a number of men eminent at once in literature and in the pursuits of active life, as Spain produced during the sixteenth century. Almost every distinguished writer was also distinguished as a soldier or politician. Boscan bore arms with high reputation. Garcilaso de Vega, the author of the sweetest and most graceful pastoral poem of modern times, after a short but splendid military career, fell sword in hand at the head of a storming party. Alonzo de Ercilla bore a conspicuous part in that war of Arauco, which he afterwards celebrated in one of the best heroic poems that Spain has produced. Hurtado de Mendoza, whose poems have been compared to those of Horace, and whose charming little novel is evidently the model of *Gil Blas*, has been handed down to us by history as one of the sternest of those iron proconsuls who were employed by the House of Austria to crush the lingering public spirit of Italy. Lope sailed in the Armada; Cervantes [2] was wounded at Lepanto.[3]

It is curious to consider with how much awe our ancestors in those times regarded a Spaniard. He was, in their apprehension, a kind of dæmon, horribly malevolent, but withal most sagacious and powerful. "They be verye wyse and politicke," says an honest Englishman, in a memorial addressed to Mary, "and can, thorowe ther wysdome, reform and brydell theyr owne natures for a tyme, and applye their conditions to the maners of those men with whom

[2] *The author of "Don Quixote."* [3] *Philip's fleet, with the Venetians, overthrew the Turks at Lepanto.*

they meddell gladlye by friendshippe; whose mischievous maners a man shall never knowe untyll he come under ther subjection; but then shall he parfectlye parceyve and fele them: which thynge I praye God England never do: for in dissimulations untyll they have ther purposes, and afterwards in oppression and tyrannye, when they can obtayne them, they do exceed all other nations upon the earthe." This is just such language as Arminius[4] would have used about the Romans, or as an Indian statesman of our times might use about the English. It is the language of a man burning with hatred, but cowed by those whom he hates; and painfully sensible of their superiority, not only in power, but in intelligence.

XIV.

RALEIGH AND VIRGINIA

BANCROFT.

[While men like Drake were challenging Spain upon the seas, wiser and nobler Englishmen were striving to plant colonies which should make the New World English instead of Spanish ground. Of these the chief were Sir Humphry Gilbert and Sir Walter Raleigh. Unsuccessful as they were, it was through their efforts that the first settlements were founded, which have since grown into the United States of North America.]

WHILE the Queen and her adventurers were dazzled by dreams of finding gold in the frozen regions of the north,[1] Sir Humphrey Gilbert, with a sounder judgment and better knowledge, watched the progress of the fisheries,[2] and formed healthy plans for colonisation. He had been a soldier and

[4] *Arminius headed the resistance of the Germans to Rome.*

[1] *Frobisher and other adventurers had hoped to find gold in Labrador.* [2] *Of Newfoundland and the North American coast.*

a member of parliament; had written judiciously on navigation; and, though censured for his ignorance of the principles of liberty, was esteemed for the sincerity of his piety. Free alike from fickleness and fear, danger never turned him aside from the pursuit of honour or the service of his sovereign; for he knew that death is inevitable, and the fame of virtue immortal. It was not difficult for him in June, 1578, to obtain a patent, formed according to the commercial theories of that day, and to be of perpetual efficacy, if a plantation should be established within six years. To the people who might belong to his colony, the rights of Englishmen were promised; to Gilbert, the possession for himself or his assigns of the soil which he might discover, and the sole jurisdiction, both civil and criminal, of the territory within two hundred leagues of his settlement, with supreme executive and legislative authority. Under this patent, Gilbert collected a company of volunteer adventurers, contributing largely from his own fortune to the preparations. Jarrings and divisions ensued, before the voyage was begun; many abandoned what they had inconsiderately undertaken; in 1579, the general and a few of his assured friends—among them, his step-brother, Walter Raleigh—put to sea: one of his ships was lost; and misfortune compelled the remainder to return. Gilbert attempted to keep his patent alive by making grants of land: none of his assigns succeeded in establishing a colony; and he was himself too much impoverished to renew his efforts.

But the pupil of Coligny[3] delighted in hazardous adventure. To prosecute discoveries in the New World, lay the foundation of states, and acquire immense domains, appeared to Raleigh an easy design, which would not interfere with the

[3] *Sir Walter Raleigh, who had served under the Huguenot general Coligny in the French wars of religion. He was Gilbert's half-brother.*

pursuit of favour in England. Before the limit of the charter had expired, Gilbert, assisted by his brother, equipped a new squadron. In 1583 the fleet embarked under happy omens; the commander, on the eve of his departure, received from Elizabeth, as a token of regard, a golden anchor guided by a lady. A man of letters from Hungary accompanied the expedition; and some part of the United States would have then been colonised but for a succession of overwhelming disasters. Two days after leaving Plymouth the largest ship in the fleet, which had been furnished by Raleigh, who himself remained in England, deserted under a pretence of infectious disease, and returned into harbour. Gilbert, incensed but not intimidated, sailed for Newfoundland; and, in August, entering St. John's, he summoned the Spaniards and Portuguese,[4] and other strangers, to witness the ceremonies by which he took possession of the country for his sovereign. A pillar, on which the arms of England were infixed, was raised as a monument; the lands were granted to the fishermen in fee, on condition of the payment of a quit-rent. It was generally agreed that "the mountains made a show of mineral substance;" the "mineral-man" of the expedition, an honest and religious Saxon, protested on his life that silver ore abounded. He was charged to keep the discovery a profound secret; and the precious ore was carried on board the larger ship with such mystery that the dull Portuguese and Spaniards suspected nothing of the matter.

It was not easy for Gilbert to preserve order in the little fleet. Many of the mariners, infected with the vices which at that time degraded their profession, were no better than pirates, and were perpetually bent upon pillaging whatever ships fell in their way. At length, having abandoned one

[4] *The Spaniards and Portuguese claimed all the New World for their own.*

of their barks, the English, now in three vessels only, sailed on further discoveries, intending to visit the coast of the United States. But they had not proceeded towards the south beyond the latitude of Wiscasset, when the largest ship, from the carelessness of the crew, struck and was wrecked. Nearly a hundred men perished; the "mineral-man" and the ore were all lost; nor was it possible to rescue Parmenius, the Hungarian scholar, who should have been the historian of the expedition. It now seemed necessary to hasten to England. Gilbert had sailed in the *Squirrel*, a bark of ten tons only, and therefore convenient for entering harbours and approaching the coast. On the homeward voyage, he would not forsake his little company, with whom he had encountered so many storms and perils. A desperate resolution! The weather was extremely rough; the oldest mariner had never seen "more outrageous seas." The little frigate, not more than twice as large as the long-boat of a merchantman, "too small a bark to pass through the ocean sea at that season of the year," was nearly wrecked. That same night about twelve o'clock its lights suddenly disappeared; and neither the vessel nor any of the crew was ever again seen. The *Hind* reached Falmouth in safety.

Raleigh, not disheartened by the sad fate of his step-brother, revolved a settlement in the milder clime from which the Protestants of France had been expelled. He readily obtained from Elizabeth, in March, 1584, a patent as ample as that which had been conferred on Gilbert. It was drawn according to the principles of feudal law, and with strict regard to the Christian faith, as professed in the church of England. Raleigh was constituted a lord proprietary, with almost unlimited powers; holding his territories by homage and an inconsiderable rent, and possessing jurisdiction over an extensive region, of which he had power to make grants according to his pleasure. Expectations rose high, since the

balmy regions of the south were now to be colonised. Two vessels, well laden with men and provisions, under the command of Philip Amidas and Arthur Barlow, buoyant with hope, set sail for the New World. They pursued the circuitous route by the Canaries and the islands of the West Indies; after a short stay at those islands, they sailed for the north, and were soon opposite the shores of Carolina. As in July they drew near land, the fragrance was "as if they had been in the midst of some delicate garden, abounding with all kinds of odoriferous flowers." Ranging the coast for one hundred and twenty miles, they entered the first convenient harbour, and, after thanks to God for their safe arrival, they took possession of the country for the Queen of England.

The spot on which this ceremony was performed was in the island of Wocoken, the southernmost of the islands forming Ocracoke Inlet. The shores of North Carolina, at some periods of the year, cannot safely be approached by a fleet, from the hurricanes against which the formation of the coast offers no secure roadsteads and harbours. But in the month of July the air was agitated by none but the gentlest breezes, and the English commanders were in raptures with the beauty of the ocean, seen in the magnificence of repose, gemmed with islands, and expanding in the clearest transparency from cape to cape. The vegetation of that southern latitude struck the beholders with admiration; the trees had not their paragons; luxuriant climbers gracefully festooned the loftiest cedars; wild grapes abounded; and natural arbours formed an impervious shade, that not a ray of the suns of July could penetrate. The forests were filled with birds; and, at the discharge of an arquebuse, whole flocks would arise, uttering a cry, as if an army of men had shouted together.

The gentleness of the tawny inhabitants[5] appeared in harmony with the loveliness of the scene. The desire of

[5] *The Indians of North America.*

traffic overcame their timidity, and the English received a friendly welcome. On the island of Roanoke, they were entertained by the wife of Granganimeo, father of Wingina, the king, with the refinements of Arcadian hospitality. "The people were most gentle, loving and faithful, void of all guile and treason, and such as lived after the manner of the golden age." They had no cares but to guard against the moderate cold of a short winter, and to gather such food as the earth almost spontaneously produced. And yet it was added, with singular want of comparison, that the wars of these guileless men were cruel and bloody; that domestic dissensions had almost exterminated whole tribes; that they employed the basest stratagems against their enemies; and that the practice of inviting men to a feast, to murder them in the hour of confidence, was not exclusively a device of European bigots, but was known to the natives of Secotan. The English, too, were solicited to engage in a similar enterprise under promise of lucrative booty.

The adventurers were satisfied with observing the general aspect of the New World; no extensive examination of the coast was undertaken; Pamlico and Albemarle Sound and Roanoke Island were explored, and some information gathered by inquiries from the Indians; the commanders had not the courage or the activity to survey the country with exactness. Having made but a short stay in America, they arrived in September in the west of England, accompanied by Manteo and Wanchese, two natives of the wilderness; and the returning voyagers gave such glowing descriptions of their discoveries as might be expected from men who had done no more than sail over the smooth waters of a summer's sea, among "the hundred islands" of North Carolina. Elizabeth esteemed her reign signalized by the discovery of the enchanting regions, and, as a memorial of her state of life, named them Virginia.

XV.

THE FIRST DAY'S FIGHT WITH THE ARMADA.

MOTLEY.

[Philip at last resolved to make an effort for the conquest of England, and gathered a great fleet in the Tagus, and an army in Flanders, for that purpose. The Armada, as the fleet was called, was ordered to sail through the Channel to the Flemish coast to join the army there, and protect its crossing to England. After long delays the Spaniards put to sea, and the vast armament entered the Channel.]

On Friday, the 29th of July, 1588, off the Lizard, the Spaniards had their first glimpse of the land of promise presented them by Sixtus V.,[1] of which they had at last come to take possession. On the same day and night the blaze and smoke of ten thousand beacon-fires from the Land's End to Margate, and from the Isle of Wight to Cumberland, gave warning to every Englishman that the enemy was at last upon them. Almost at that very instant intelligence had been brought from the court to the Lord-Admiral[2] at Plymouth, that the Armada, dispersed and shattered by the gales of June, was not likely to make its appearance that year; and orders had consequently been given to disarm the four largest ships and send them into dock. Even the shrewd Walsingham[3] had participated in this strange delusion. Before Howard had time to act upon this ill-timed suggestion—even had he been disposed to do so—he received authentic intelligence that the

[1] *The Pope, who had aided the enterprise, and promised it success.* [2] *Lord Howard of Effingham, whose fleet lay at Plymouth. With him were Drake, Frobisher, and other great seamen.* [3] *Elizabeth's foreign secretary.*

great fleet was off the Lizard. Neither he nor Francis Drake were the men to lose time in such an emergency, and before that Friday night was spent, sixty of the best English ships had been warped out of Plymouth harbour.

On Saturday, 30th July, the wind was very light at south-west, with a mist and drizzling rain, but by three in the afternoon the two fleets could descry and count each other through the haze.

By nine o'clock, 31st July, about two miles from Looe, on the Cornish coast, the fleets had their meeting. There were 136 sail of the Spaniards, of which ninety were large ships, and sixty-seven of the English. It was a solemn moment. The long-expected Armada presented a pompous, almost a theatrical appearance. The ships seemed arranged for a pageant in honour of a victory already won. Disposed in form of a crescent, the horns of which were seven miles asunder, those gilded, towered, floating castles, with their gaudy standards and their martial music, moved slowly along the Channel with an air of indolent pomp. Their captain-general, the Golden Duke,[4] stood in his private shot-proof fortress on the deck of his great galleon the *Saint Martin*, surrounded by generals of infantry and colonels of cavalry, who knew as little as he did himself of naval matters. The English vessels, on the other hand—with a few exceptions, light, swift, and easily handled—could sail round and round those unwieldy galleons, hulks, and galleys rowed by fettered slave-gangs. The superior seamanship of free Englishmen, commanded by such experienced captains as Drake, Frobisher, and Hawkins—from infancy at home on blue water—was manifest in the very first encounter. They obtained the weather-gage at once, and cannonaded the enemy at intervals with considerable effect, easily escaping at will out of range of the sluggish Armada, which was incapable of

[4] *The Duke of Medina-Sidonia, who commanded the Armada.*

bearing sail in pursuit, although provided with an armament which could sink all its enemies at close quarters. "We had some small fight with them that Sunday afternoon," said Hawkins.

Medina-Sidonia hoisted the royal standard at the fore, and the whole fleet did its utmost, which was little, to offer general battle. It was in vain. The English, following at the heels of the enemy, refused all such invitations, and attacked only the rear-guard of the Armada, where Recalde commanded. That admiral, steadily maintaining his post, faced his nimble antagonists, who continued to teaze, to maltreat, and to elude him, while the rest of the fleet proceeded slowly up the Channel, closely followed by the enemy. And thus the running fight continued along the coast, in full view of Plymouth, whence boats with reinforcements and volunteers were perpetually arriving to the English ships, until the battle had drifted quite out of reach of the town.

Already in this first "small fight" the Spaniards had learned a lesson, and might even entertain a doubt of their invincibility. But before the sun set there were more serious disasters. Much powder and shot had been expended by the Spaniards to very little purpose, and so a master-gunner on board Admiral Oquendo's flag-ship was reprimanded for careless ball-practice. The gunner, who was a Fleming, enraged with his captain, laid a train to the powder-magazine, fired it, and threw himself into the sea. The two decks blew up. The great castle at the stern rose into the clouds, carrying with it the paymaster-general of the fleet, a large portion of treasure, and nearly two hundred men. The ship was a wreck, but it was possible to save the rest of the crew. So Medina-Sidonia sent light vessels to remove them, and wore with his flagship to defend Oquendo, who had already been fastened upon by his English pursuers. But

the Spaniards, not being so light in hand as their enemies involved themselves in much embarrassment by this manœuvre; and there was much falling foul of each other, entanglement of rigging, and carrying away of yards. Oquendo's men, however, were ultimately saved, and taken to other ships.

Meantime Don Pedro de Valdez, commander of the Andalusian squadron, having got his galleon into collision with two or three Spanish ships successively, had at last carried away his fore-mast close to the deck, and the wreck had fallen against his main-mast. He lay crippled and helpless, the Armada was slowly deserting him, night was coming on, the sea was running high, and the English, ever hovering near, were ready to grapple with him. In vain did Don Pedro fire signals of distress. The captain-general—even as though the unlucky galleon had not been connected with the Catholic fleet—calmly fired a gun to collect his scattered ships, and abandoned Valdez to his fate. "He left me comfortless in sight of the whole fleet," said poor Pedro, "and greater inhumanity and unthankfulness I think was never heard of among men."

Yet the Spaniard comported himself most gallantly. Frobisher, in the largest ship of the English fleet, the *Triumph*, of 1100 tons, and Hawkins in the *Victory*, of 800, cannonaded him at a distance, but, night coming on, he was able to resist; and it was not till the following morning that he surrendered to the *Revenge*.

Drake then received the gallant prisoner on board his flagship—much to the disgust and indignation of Frobisher and Hawkins, thus disappointed of their prize and ransom-money—treated him with much courtesy, and gave his word of honour that he and his men should be treated fairly, like good prisoners of war. This pledge was redeemed, for it was not the English, as it was the Spanish custom, to convert

captives into slaves, but only to hold them for ransom. Valdez responded to Drake's politeness by kissing his hand, embracing him, and overpowering him with magnificent compliments. He was then sent on board the Lord-Admiral, who received him with similar urbanity, and expressed his regret that so distinguished a personage should have been so coolly deserted by the Duke of Medina. Don Pedro then returned to the *Revenge*, where, as the guest of Drake, he was a witness to all subsequent events up to the 10th of August, on which day he was sent to London with some other officers, Sir Francis claiming his ransom as his lawful due.

Here certainly was no very triumphant beginning for the Invincible Armada. On the very first day of their being in presence of the English fleet—then but sixty-seven in number, and vastly their inferior in size and weight of metal—they had lost the flagships of the Guipuzcoan and of the Andalusian squadrons, with a general-admiral, 450 officers and men, and some 100,000 ducats of treasure. They had been out-manœuvred, out-sailed, and thoroughly maltreated by their antagonists, and they had been unable to inflict a single blow in return.

XVI.

THE LAST DAY'S FIGHT WITH THE ARMADA.

MOTLEY.

[Throughout a whole week the running fight went on, the Armada slowly making its way along the Channel, the English ships hanging on its rear. Many Spanish ships were sunk or taken; but the great fleet still remained formidable when, in spite of its enemies, it at last reached

the Flemish coast. If it was to be prevented from embarking the army which was destined for the invasion of England, a great engagement was now necessary; and the English seamen resolved to engage.]

THE Lord-Admiral, who had been lying off and on, now bore away with all his force in pursuit of the Spaniards. The Invincible Armada, already sorely crippled, was standing N.N.E. directly before a fresh topsail breeze from the S.S.W. The English came up with them soon after nine o'clock A.M. off Gravelines, and found them sailing in a half-moon, the admiral and vice-admiral in the centre, and the flanks protected by the three remaining galeasses and by the great galleons of Portugal.

Seeing the enemy approaching, Medina Sidonia ordered his whole fleet to luff to the wind, and prepare for action. The wind, shifting a few points, was now at W.N.W., so that the English had both the weather-gage and the tide in their favour. A general combat began at about ten, and it was soon obvious to the Spaniards that their adversaries were intending warm work. Sir Francis Drake in the *Revenge*, followed by Frobisher in the *Triumph*, Hawkins in the *Victory*, and some smaller vessels, made the first attack upon the Spanish flagships. Lord Henry in the *Rainbow*, Sir Henry Palmer in the *Antelope*, and others, engaged with three of the largest galleons of the Armada, while Sir William Winter in the *Vanguard*, supported by most of his squadron, charged the starboard wing.

The portion of the fleet thus assaulted fell back into the main body. Four of the ships ran foul of each other, and Winter, driving into their centre, found himself within musket-shot of many of their most formidable ships.

"I tell you, on the credit of a poor gentleman," he said, "that there were five hundred discharges of demi-cannon, culverin, and demi-culverin, from the *Vanguard*; and when

I was farthest off in firing my pieces, I was not out of shot of their harquebus, and most time within speech, one of another."

The battle lasted six hours long, hot and furious; for now there was no excuse for retreat on the part of the Spaniards, but, on the contrary, it was the intention of the Captain-General to return to his station off Calais,[1] if it were within his power. Nevertheless the English still partially maintained the tactics which had proved so successful, and resolutely refused the fierce attempts of the Spaniards to lay themselves alongside. Keeping within musket-range, the well-disciplined English mariners poured broadside after broadside against the towering ships of the Armada, which afforded so easy a mark; while the Spaniards, on their part, found it impossible, while wasting incredible quantities of powder and shot, to inflict any severe damage on their enemies. Throughout the action, not an English ship was destroyed, and not a hundred men were killed. On the other hand, all the best ships of the Spaniards were riddled through and through, and with masts and yards shattered, sails and rigging torn to shreds, and a north-west wind still drifting them towards the fatal sandbanks of Holland, they laboured heavily in a chopping sea, firing wildly, and receiving tremendous punishment at the hands of Howard, Drake, Seymour, Winter, and their followers. Not even master-gunner Thomas could complain that day of "blind exercise" on the part of the English, with "little harm done" to the enemy. There was scarcely a ship in the Armada that did not suffer severely; for nearly all were engaged in that memorable action off the sands of Gravelines. The Captain-General himself, Admiral Recalde, Alonzo de Leyva, Oquendo, Diego Flores de Valdez, Bertendona,

[1] *From which he had been driven the day before by English fire-ships.*

Don Francisco de Toledo, Don Diego de Pimentel, Telles Enriquez, Alonzo de Luzon, Garibay, with most of the great galleons and galeasses, were in the thickest of the fight, and one after the other each of those huge ships was disabled. Three sank before the fight was over, many others were soon drifting helpless wrecks towards a hostile shore, and, before five o'clock in the afternoon, at least sixteen of their best ships had been sacrificed, and from four to five thousand soldiers killed.

Nearly all the largest vessels of the Armada, therefore, having been disabled or damaged—according to a Spanish eye-witness—and all their small shot exhausted, Medina Sidonia reluctantly gave orders to retreat. The Captain-General was a bad sailor, but he was a chivalrous Spaniard of ancient Gothic blood, and he felt deep mortification at the plight of his invincible fleet, together with undisguised resentment against Alexander Farnese,[2] through whose treachery and incapacity he considered the great Catholic cause to have been so foully sacrificed. Crippled, maltreated, and diminished in number, as were his ships, he would have still faced the enemy, but the winds and currents were fast driving him on the lee-shore, and the pilots, one and all, assured him that it would be inevitable destruction to remain. After a slight and very ineffectual attempt to rescue Don Diego de Pimentel in the *St. Matthew*—who refused to leave his disabled ship—and Don Francisco de Toledo, whose great galleon, the *St. Philip*, was fast driving, a helpless wreck, towards Zeeland, the Armada bore away N.N.E. into the open sea, leaving those who could not follow to their fate.

The *St. Matthew*, in a sinking condition, hailed a Dutch fisherman, who was offered a gold chain to pilot her into

[2] *The Prince of Parma, who commanded the Spanish army in Flanders, and who had not succeeded in joining the Armada.*

Newport. But the fisherman, being a patriot, steered her close to the Holland fleet, where she was immediately assaulted by Admiral Van der Does, to whom, after a two hours' bloody fight, she struck her flag. Don Diego, marshal of the camp to the famous legion of Sicily, brother of the Marquis of Tavera, nephew of the Viceroy of Sicily, uncle to the Viceroy of Naples, and numbering as many titles, dignities, and high affinities, as could be expected of a grandee of the first class, was taken, with his officers, to the Hague. "I was the means," said Captain Borlase, "that the best sort were saved, and the rest were cast overboard and slain at our entry. He fought with us two hours, and hurt divers of our men, but at last yielded."

John Van der Does, his captor, presented the banner of the *St. Matthew* to the great church of Leyden, where—such was its prodigious length—it hung from ceiling to floor without being entirely unrolled; and there it hung, from generation to generation, a worthy companion to the Spanish flags which had been left behind when Valdez abandoned the siege of that heroic city fifteen years before.

The galleon *St. Philip*, one of the four largest ships in the Armada, dismasted and foundering, drifted towards Newport, where camp-marshal Don Francisco de Toledo hoped in vain for succour. La Motte made a feeble attempt at rescue, but some vessels from the Holland fleet, being much more active, seized the unfortunate galleon, and carried her into Flushing. The captors found forty-eight brass cannon and other things of value on board, but there were some casks of Ribadavia wine which was more fatal to her enemies than those pieces of artillery had proved. For while the rebels were refreshing themselves, after the fatigues of the capture, with large draughts of that famous vintage, the *St. Philip*, which had been bored through and through with English shot, and had been rapidly filling with water, gave a sudden

lurch, and went down in a moment, carrying with her to the bottom three hundred of those convivial Hollanders.

A large Biscay galleon, too, of Recalde's squadron, much disabled in action, and now, like many others, unable to follow the Armada, was summoned by Captain Cross, of the *Hope*, forty-eight guns, to surrender. Although foundering, she resisted, and refused to strike her flag. One of her officers attempted to haul down her colours, and was run through the body by the captain, who, in his turn, was struck dead by a brother of the officer thus slain. In the midst of this quarrel the ship went down with all her crew.

Six hours and more, from ten till nearly five, the fight had lasted—a most cruel battle, as the Spaniards declared. There were men in the Armada who had served in the action of Lepanto, and who declared that famous encounter to have been far surpassed in severity and spirit by this fight off Gravelines. "Surely every man in our fleet did well," said Winter, "and the slaughter the enemy received was great." Nor would the Spaniards have escaped even worse punishment, had not, most unfortunately, the penurious policy of the Queen's government rendered her ships useless at last, even in this supreme moment. They never ceased cannonading the discomfited enemy until the ammunition was exhausted. "When the cartridges were all spent," said Winter, "and the munitions in some vessels gone altogether, we ceased fighting, but followed the enemy, who still kept away." And the enemy—although still numerous, and seeming strong enough, if properly handled, to destroy the whole English fleet—fled before them. There remained more than fifty Spanish vessels, above six hundred tons in size, besides sixty hulks and other vessels of less account; while in the whole English navy were but thirteen ships of or above that burthen. "Their force is wonderful great and

strong," said Howard, "but we pluck their feathers by little and little."

For Medina-Sidonia had now satisfied himself that he should never succeed in boarding those hard-fighting and swift-sailing craft, while, meantime, the horrible panic of Sunday night and the succession of fights throughout the following day, had completely disorganised his followers. Crippled, riddled, shorn, but still numerous, and by no means entirely vanquished, the Armada was flying with a gentle breeze before an enemy who, to save his existence, could not have fired a broadside.

XVII.

SHAKSPERE'S EARLY LIFE.

GREEN.

[While England was thus struggling with Spain, it was winning an even greater glory in letters. Great writers appeared both in prose and poetry; and more than fifty dramatists wrote plays, which gave life to the English stage. Of these the foremost was William Shakspere.]

Of hardly any great poet indeed do we know so little. For the story of Shakspere's youth we have only one or two trifling legends, and these almost certainly false. Not a single letter or characteristic saying, not one of the jests "spoken at the Mermaid,"[1] hardly a single anecdote, remain to illustrate his busy life in London. His look and figure in later age have been preserved by the bust over his tomb at Stratford, and a hundred years after his death he was still remembered in his native town; but the minute diligence

[1] *The Mermaid Inn in Bread Street, Cheapside, where the poets met together.*

of later inquirers was able to glean hardly a single detail, even of the most trivial order, which could throw light upon the years of retirement before his death. It is owing perhaps to the harmony and unity of Shakspere's temper that no salient peculiarity seems to have left its trace on the memory of his contemporaries; it is the very grandeur of his genius which precludes us from discovering any personal trait in his works. His supposed self-revelation in the Sonnets is so obscure that only a few outlines can be traced even by the boldest conjecture. In his dramas he is all his characters, and his characters range over all mankind. There is not one, or the act or word of one, that we can identify personally with the poet himself.

He was born in 1564, the sixth year of Elizabeth's reign, twelve years after the birth of Spenser, three years later than the birth of Bacon. Marlowe was of the same age with Shakspere: Greene probably a few years older.[2] His father, a glover and small farmer of Stratford-on-Avon, was forced by poverty to lay down his office of alderman as his son reached boyhood; and stress of poverty may have been the cause which drove William Shakspere, who had already wedded at eighteen a wife older than himself, to London and the stage. His life in the capital can hardly have begun later than in his twenty-third year, the memorable year which preceded the coming of the Armada, and which witnessed the production of Marlowe's "Tamburlaine." If we take the language of the Sonnets as a record of his personal feeling, his new profession as an actor stirred in him only the bitterness of self-contempt. He chides with Fortune "that did not better for my life provide than public means that public manners breed;" he writhes at the thought that he has "made himself a motley to the view" of the gaping

[2] *Marlowe gave the first great impulse to English tragedy; Greene to English comedy.*

apprentices in the pit of Blackfriars. "Thence comes it," he adds, "that my name receives a brand, and almost thence my nature is subdued to that it works in." But the application of the words is a more than doubtful one. In spite of petty squabbles with some of his dramatic rivals at the outset of his career, the genial nature of the newcomer seems to have won him a general love among his fellows. In 1592, while still a mere actor and fitter of old plays for the stage, a fellow-playwright, Chettle, answered Greene's attack on him in words of honest affection: "Myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes: besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art." His partner Burbage spoke of him after death as a "worthy friend and fellow;" and Jonson handed down the general tradition of his time when he described him as "indeed honest, and of an open and free nature."

His profession as an actor was at any rate of essential service to him in the poetic career which he soon undertook. Not only did it give him the sense of theatrical necessities which makes his plays so effective on the boards, but it enabled him to bring his pieces as he wrote them to the test of the stage. If there is any truth in Jonson's statement that Shakspere never blotted a line, there is no justice in the censure which it implies on his carelessness or incorrectness. The conditions of poetic publication were in fact wholly different from those of our own day. A drama remained for years in manuscript as an acting piece, subject to continual revision and amendment; and every rehearsal and representation afforded hints for change which we know the young poet was far from neglecting. The chance which has preserved an earlier edition of his "Hamlet" shows in what an unsparing way Shakspere could recast even the

finest products of his genius. Five years after the supposed date of his arrival in London he was already famous as a dramatist. Greene speaks bitterly of him under the name of "Shakescene" as an "upstart crow beautified with our feathers," a sneer which points either to his celebrity as an actor or to his preparation for loftier flights by fitting pieces of his predecessors for the stage. He was soon partner in the theatre, actor, and playwright; and another nickname, that of "Johannes Factotum" or Jack-of-all-Trades, shows his readiness to take all honest work which came to hand.

With his publication in 1593 of the poem of "Venus and Adonis," "the first heir of my invention" as Shakspere calls it, the period of independent creation fairly began. The date of its publication was a very memorable one. The "Faerie Queen" had appeared only three years before, and had placed Spenser without a rival at the head of English poetry. On the other hand the two leading dramatists of the time passed at this moment suddenly away. Greene died in poverty and self-reproach in the house of a poor shoemaker. "Doll," he wrote to the wife he had abandoned, "I charge thee, by the love of our youth and by my soul's rest, that thou wilt see this man paid; for if he and his wife had not succoured me I had died in the streets." "Oh that a year were granted me to live," cried the young poet from his bed of death, "but I must die, of every man abhorred! Time, loosely spent, will not again be won! My time is loosely spent—and I undone!" A year later the death of Marlowe in a street brawl removed the only rival whose powers might have equalled Shakspere's own. He was now about thirty; and the twenty-three years which elapsed between the appearance of the "Adonis" and his death were filled with a series of masterpieces. Nothing is more characteristic of his genius than its incessant activity. Through the five years which followed the publication of his

early poem he seems to have produced on an average two dramas a year. When we attempt however to trace the growth and progress of the poet's mind in the order of his plays we are met in the case of many of them by an absence of certain information as to the dates of their appearance. The facts on which inquiry has to build are extremely few. "Venus and Adonis," with the "Lucrece," must have been written before their publication in 1593-4; the Sonnets, though not published till 1609, were known in some form among his private friends as early as 1598. His earlier plays are defined by a list given in the "Witt's Treasury" of Francis Meres in 1598, though the omission of a play from a casual catalogue of this kind would hardly warrant us in assuming its necessary non-existence at the time. The works ascribed to him at his death are fixed in the same approximate fashion through the edition published by his fellow-actors. Beyond these meagre facts and our knowledge of the publication of a few of his dramas in his lifetime all is uncertain; and the conclusions which have been drawn from these, and from the dramas themselves, as well as from assumed resemblances with, or reference to, other plays of the period, can only be accepted as approximations to the truth.

The bulk of his lighter comedies and historical dramas can be assigned with fair probability to a period from about 1593, when Shakspere was known as nothing more than an adapter, to 1598, when they are mentioned in the list of Meres. They bear on them indeed the stamp of youth. In "Love's Labour's Lost" the young playwright, fresh from his own Stratford, its "daisies pied and violets blue," with the gay bright music of its country ditties still in his ears, flings himself into the midst of the brilliant England which gathered round Elizabeth, busying himself as yet for the most part with the surface of it, with the humours and

quixotisms, the whit and the whim, the unreality, the fantastic extravagance, which veiled its inner nobleness. Country-lad as he is, Shakspere shows himself master of it all; he can patter euphuism and exchange quip and repartee with the best; he is at home in their pedantries and affectations, their brag and their rhetoric, their passion for the fantastic and the marvellous. He can laugh as heartily at the romantic vagaries of the courtly world in which he finds himself as at the narrow dulness, the pompous triflings, of the country world which he has left behind him. But he laughs frankly and without malice; he sees the real grandeur of soul which underlies all this quixotry and word-play; and owns with a smile that when brought face to face with the facts of human life, with the suffering of man or the danger of England, these fops have in them the stuff of heroes. He shares the delight in existence, the pleasure in sheer living, which was so marked a feature of the age; he enjoys the mistakes, the contrasts, the adventures, of the men about him; his fun breaks almost riotously out in the practical jokes of the "Taming of the Shrew" and the endless blunderings of the "Comedy of Errors." In these earlier efforts his work had been marked by little poetic elevation, or by passion. But the easy grace of the dialogue, the dexterous management of a complicated story, the genial gaiety of his tone and the music of his verse, promised a master of social comedy as soon as Shakspere turned from the superficial aspects of the world about him to find a new delight in the character and actions of men. The interest of human character was still fresh and vivid; the sense of individuality drew a charm from its novelty; and poet and essayist were busy alike in sketching the "humours" of mankind. Shakspere sketched with his fellows. In the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" his painting

of manners was suffused by a tenderness and ideal beauty which formed an effective protest against the hard though vigorous character-painting which the first success of Ben Jonson in "Every Man in his Humour" brought at the time into fashion. But quick on these lighter comedies followed two in which his genius started fully into life. His poetic power, held in reserve till now, showed itself with a splendid profusion in the brilliant fancies of the "Midsummer Night's Dream;" and passion swept like a tide of resistless delight through "Romeo and Juliet."

XVIII.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

BANCROFT.

[The reign of Elizabeth was followed by that of a very different ruler. James the First broke with English religion, quarrelled with the Parliament, and sowed the first seeds of the strife between king and people which was to end in the Great Rebellion. His persecution however of those who would not conform to the Church and its worship brought about a great result. It drove some of them to the New World; and their foundation of the colonies of New England moulded for good the destinies of the United States.]

IN the opening of the reign of James "a poor people" in the north of England, in towns and villages of Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire, and the borders of Yorkshire, in and near Scrooby, had "become enlightened by the word of God." "Presently," we are told by their historian, "they were both scoffed and scorned by the profane multitude; and their ministers, urged with the yoke of subscription," were, by the increase of troubles, led "to see further," that

not only "the beggarly ceremonies were monuments of idolatry," but also "that the lordly power of the prelates ought not to be submitted to." Many of them, therefore, "whose hearts the Lord had touched with heavenly zeal for his truth," resolved, "whatever it might cost them, to shake off the anti-Christian bondage, and, as the Lord's free people, to join themselves by a covenant into a church estate in the fellowship of the gospel." Of the same faith with Calvin, heedless of acts of Parliament, they rejected "the offices and callings, the courts and canons" of bishops, and, renouncing all obedience to human authority in spiritual things, asserted for themselves an unlimited and never-ending right to make advances in truth, and "walk in all the ways which God had made known or should make known to them."

The reformed church chose for one of their ministers John Robinson, "a man not easily to be paralleled," "of a most learned, polished, and modest spirit." Their ruling elder was William Brewster, who "was their special stay and help." They were beset and watched night and day by the agents of prelacy. For about a year they kept their meetings every Sabbath, in one place or another; exercising the worship of God among themselves, notwithstanding all the diligence and malice of their adversaries. But, as the humane ever decline to enforce the laws dictated by bigotry, the office devolves on the fanatic or the savage. Hence the severity of their execution usually surpassed the intention of their authors; and the peaceful members of "the poor, persecuted flock of Christ," despairing of rest in England, resolved to go into exile.

The departure from England was effected with much suffering and hazard. The first attempt, in 1607, was prevented; but the magistrates checked the ferocity of the subordinate officers; and, after a month's arrest of the

whole company, seven only of the principal men were detained a little longer in prison. The next spring the design was renewed. As if it had been a crime to escape from persecution, an unfrequented heath in Lincolnshire, near the mouth of the Humber, was the place of secret meeting. Just as a boat was bearing a part of the emigrants to their ship, a company of horsemen appeared in pursuit, and seized on the helpless women and children who had not yet adventured on the surf. "Pitiful it was to see the heavy case of these poor women in distress; what weeping and crying on every side." But, when they were apprehended, it seemed impossible to punish and imprison wives and children for no other crime than that they would not part from their husbands and fathers. They could not be sent home, for "they had no homes to go to;" so that, at last, the magistrates were "glad to be rid of them on any terms," "though, in the meantime, they, poor souls, endured misery enough." Such was the flight of Robinson and Brewster, and their followers, from the land of their fathers.

Their arrival in Amsterdam,[1] in 1608, was but the beginning of their wanderings. "They knew they were PILGRIMS, and looked not much on those things, but lifted up their eyes to heaven, their dearest country, and quieted their spirits."

They lived but as men in exile. Many of their English friends would not come to them, or departed from them weeping. "Their continual labours, with other crosses and sorrows, left them in danger to scatter or sink." "Their children, sharing their parents' burdens, bowed under the weight, and were becoming decrepid in early youth." Conscious of ability to act a higher part in the great drama of humanity, they were moved by "a hope and inward zeal of advancing the gospel of the kingdom of Christ in the

[1] *In Holland.*

remote parts of the New World; yea, though they should be but as stepping-stones unto others for performing so great a work."

After some years, trusting in God and in themselves, they made ready for their departure. The ships which they had provided—the *Speedwell*, of sixty tons, the *Mayflower*, of one hundred and eighty tons—could hold but a minority of the congregation; and Robinson was therefore detained at Leyden, while Brewster, the governing elder, who was also an able teacher, conducted "such of the youngest and strongest as freely offered themselves." Every enterprise of the pilgrims began from God. A solemn fast was held. "Let us seek of God," said they, "a right way for us, and for our little ones, and for all our substance." Anticipating their high destiny, and the sublime lessons of liberty that would grow out of their religious tenets, Robinson gave them a farewell, breathing a freedom of opinion and an independence of authority such as then were hardly known in the world.

"I charge you, before God and his blessed angels, that you follow me no further than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his holy word. I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no further than the instruments of their reformation. Luther and Calvin were great and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God. I beseech you, remember it,—'tis an article of your church covenant,—that you be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from the written word of God."

"When the ship was ready to carry us away," writes Edward Winslow, "the brethren that stayed at Leyden, having again solemnly sought the Lord with us and for us,

feasted us that were to go, at our pastor's house, being large; where we refreshed ourselves, after tears, with singing of psalms, making joyful melody in our hearts, as well as with the voice, there being many of the congregation very expert in music; and indeed it was the sweetest melody that ever mine ears heard. After this they accompanied us to Delft-Haven, where we went to embark, and then feasted us again; and, after prayer performed by our pastor, when a flood of tears was poured out, they accom panied us to the ship, but were not able to speak one to another for the abundance of sorrow to part. But we only, going abroad, gave them a volley of small shot and three pieces of ordnance; and so, lifting up our hands to each other, and our hearts for each other to the Lord our God, we departed."

A prosperous wind soon wafts the vessel to Southampton; and in a fortnight the *Mayflower* and the *Speedwell*, freighted with the first colony of New England, leave Southampton for America. But they had not gone far upon the Atlantic before the smaller vessel was found to need repairs, and they entered the port of Dartmouth. After the lapse of eight precious days, they again weigh anchor; the coast of England recedes; already they are unfurling their sails on the broad ocean, when the captain of the *Speedwell*, with his company, dismayed at the dangers of the enterprise, once more pretends that his ship is too weak for the service. They put back to Plymouth, "and agree to dismiss her, and those who are willing return to London, though this was very grievous and discouraging." Having thus winnowed their numbers, the little band, not of resolute men only, but wives, some far gone in pregnancy, children, infants, a floating village of one hundred and two souls, went on board the single ship, which was hired only to convey them across the Atlantic; and on the sixth day of

September, 1620, thirteen years after the first colonization of Virginia, two months before the concession of the grand charter of Plymouth, without any warrant from the sovereign of England, without any useful charter from a corporate body, the passengers in the *Mayflower* set sail for a new world, where the past could offer no favourable auguries.

Had New England been colonized immediately on the discovery of the American continent, the old English institutions would have been planted with the Roman Catholic hierarchy; had the settlement been made under Elizabeth, it would have been before activity of the popular mind in religion had conducted to a corresponding activity of mind in politics. The pilgrims were Englishmen, Protestants, exiles from conscience, men disciplined by misfortune, cultivated by opportunities of extensive observation, equal in rank as in rights, and bound by no code but that of religion or the public will.

The eastern coast of the United States abounds in beautiful and convenient harbours, in majestic bays and rivers. The first Virginia colony, sailing along the shores of North Carolina, was, by a favouring storm, driven into the magnificent Bay of the Chesapeake; the pilgrims, having selected for their settlement the country near the Hudson, the best position on the whole coast, were conducted to the most barren parts of Massachusetts. After a boisterous voyage of sixty-three days, during which one person had died, they espied land; and in two days more cast anchor in the harbour of Cape Cod.

XIX.

DEATH OF RALEIGH.

GARDINER.

[The settlers were hardly landed on the shores of America when the warrior and statesman who had first planned the English colonization of the New World passed away. Raleigh had been honoured and trusted by Elizabeth, but he was feared by James, accused of treason, and imprisoned for long years in the Tower. At last he was suffered to sail to discover new lands on the Oronoco; but he found the Spaniards there, was forced to fight, and defeated. On his return the Spanish King made complaint of his attack, and James suffered him to be put to death on the old charge of treason.]

It was in vain that Raleigh begged for a few days to complete some writings which he had on hand; he was told that he must prepare for execution on the following morning. As he was to suffer in Palace Yard, he was taken to the Gatehouse at Westminster to pass the night. With the certainty of death he had regained the composure to which he had long been a stranger. In the evening, Lady Raleigh came to take her farewell of her husband. Thinking that he might like to know that the last rites would be paid to his remains, she told him that she had obtained permission to dispose of his body. He smiled, and answered, "It is well, Bess, that thou mayest dispose of that dead which thou hadst not always the disposing of when it was alive." At midnight she left him, and he lay down to sleep for three or four hours. When he awoke he had a long conference with Dr. Townson, the Dean of Westminster, who was

surprised at the fearlessness which he exhibited at the prospect of death, and begged him to consider whether it did not proceed from carelessness or vain glory. Raleigh, now as ever unconscious of his real faults, did his best to disabuse him of this idea, and told him that he was sure that no man who knew and feared God could die with fearlessness and courage, except he was certain of God's love and favour to him. Reassured by these words, Townson proceeded to administer the Communion to him; after he had received it, he appeared cheerful, and even merry. He spoke of his expectation that he would be able to persuade the world of his innocence. The good Dean was troubled with talk of this kind, and begged him not to speak against the justice of the realm. Raleigh acknowledged that he had been condemned according to the law, but said that, for all that, he must perish in asserting his innocence.

As the hour for his execution approached, Raleigh took his breakfast, and smoked his tobacco as usual. His spirits were excited by the prospect of the scene which was before him. Being asked how he liked the wine which was brought to him, he said that "it was good drink, if a man might tarry by it." At eight the officers came to fetch him away. As he passed out to the scaffold he noticed that one of his friends, who had come to be near him at the last, was unable to push through the throng. "I know not," he said, "what shift you will make, but I am sure to have a place." A minute after, catching sight of an old man with a bald head he asked him whether he wanted anything. "Nothing," he replied, "but to see you, and to pray God to have mercy on your soul." "I thank thee, good friend," answered Raleigh, "I am sorry I have no better thing to return thee for thy good will; but take this nightcap, for thou hast more need of it now than I."

As soon as he had mounted the scaffold, he asked leave to address the people. His speech had been carefully prepared. Every word he spoke, was, as far as we can judge, literally true; but it was not the whole truth, and it was calculated in many points to produce a false impression on his hearers. He spoke of the efforts which it had cost him to induce his men to return to England, and denied having wished to desert his comrades whilst he was lying at the mouth of the Orinoco. He then adverted to a foolish tale which had long been current against him, to the effect that at the execution of the Earl of Essex,[1] he had taken his place at a window in order to see him die, and had puffed tobacco at him in derision. The story, he said, was a pure fiction. "And now," he concluded by saying, "I entreat that you all will join with me in prayer to that Great God of Heaven whom I have so grievously offended, being a man full of all vanity, who has lived a sinful life in such callings as have been most inducing to it; for I have been a soldier, a sailor, and a courtier, which are courses of wickedness and vice; that His Almighty goodness will forgive me; that He will cast away my sins from me, and that He will receive me into everlasting life; so I take my leave of you all, making my peace with God."

As soon as the preparations were completed, Raleigh turned to the executioner, and asked to see the axe. "I prithee," said he as the man held back, "let me see it; dost thou think that I am afraid of it?" He ran his finger down the edge, saying to himself, "This is sharp medicine, but it is a sound cure for all diseases." He then knelt down and laid his head upon the block. Some one objected that he ought to lay his face towards the east:

[1] *Lord Essex was Raleigh's great rival in Elizabeth's favour. He at last rose in revolt against her, and was put to death.*

"What matter," he said, "how the head lie, so the heart be right?" After he had prayed for a little while, he gave the appointed signal; seeing that the headsman was reluctant to do his duty, he called upon him to strike. In two blows the head was severed from the body. His remains were delivered to his wife, and were by her buried in St. Margaret's at Westminster.

A copy of verses written by Raleigh the night before his execution was discovered, and was soon passed from hand to hand. It was a strange medley, in which faith and confidence in God appear side by side with sarcasms upon the lawyers and the courtiers. It was perhaps at a later hour that he wrote on the fly leaf of his Bible those touching lines in which the higher part of his nature alone is visible:—

"Even such is time that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust."

"No matter how the head lie, so the heart be right." Perhaps, after all, no better epitaph could be found to inscribe upon Raleigh's tomb. For him, the child of the sixteenth century, it was still possible to hold truth and falsehood lightly, without sinking into meanness. In his chase after wealth, he was never sordid or covetous. His sins had brought with them their own punishment, a punishment which did not tarry, because he was so utterly unconscious of them. Yet it was no mere blindness to his errors which made all England feel that Raleigh's death was

a national dishonour. His countrymen knew that in his wildest enterprises he had always before him the thought of England's greatness, and that, in his eyes, England's greatness was indissolubly connected with the truest welfare of all other nations. They knew that his heart was right.

XX.

THE PURITANS.

KINGSLEY.

[Throughout the reign of Elizabeth the bulk of Englishmen were becoming more zealously Protestant and religious. Such men came to be called "Precisians" or "Puritans. Under James, who hated it, Puritanism spread fast; and his son, Charles the First, found in it the great obstacle to his attempts to govern England in defiance of the Parliament. The Puritans were stern and sober-minded men; but they were of noble temper, and did much to raise the standard of English life. Mr. Kingsley has given a fine picture of a young Puritan in his sketch of Zeal-for-Truth Thoresby.]

WAS there no poetry in these Puritans, because they wrote no poetry? We do not mean now the unwritten tragedy of the battle-psalm and the charge; but simply idyllic poetry and quiet home-drama, love-poetry of the heart and the hearth, and the beauties of every-day human life? Take the most commonplace of them: was Zeal-for-Truth Thoresby, of Thoresby Rise in Deeping Fen, because his father had thought fit to give him an ugly and silly name, the less of a noble lad? Did his name prevent his being six feet high? Were his shoulders the less broad for it, his cheeks the less ruddy for it? He wore his flaxen hair of the same length that every one now wears theirs, instead of letting it

hang half-way to his waist in essenced curls; but was he therefore the less of a true Viking's son, bold-hearted as his sea-roving ancestors who won the Danelagh by Canute's side, and settled there on Thoresby Rise, to grow wheat and breed horses, generation succeeding generation, in the old moated grange? He carried a Bible in his jack-boot: but did that prevent him, as Oliver [1] rode past him with an approving smile on Naseby-field, thinking himself a very handsome fellow, with his mustache and imperial, and bright red coat, and cuirass well polished in spite of many a dint, as he sate his father's great black horse as gracefully and firmly as any long-locked and essenced cavalier in front of him? Or did it prevent him thinking too, for a moment, with a throb of the heart, that sweet Cousin Patience far away at home, could she but see him, might have the same opinion of him as he had of himself? Was he the worse for the thought? He was certainly not the worse for checking it the next instant, with manly shame for letting such "carnal vanities" rise in his heart, while he was "doing the Lord's work" in the teeth of death and hell: but was there no poetry in him then? No poetry in him five minutes after, as the long rapier swung round his head, redder and redder at every sweep? We are befooled by names. Call him Crusader instead of Roundhead, and he seems at once (granting him only sincerity, which he had, and that of a right awful kind) as complete a knight-errant as ever watched and prayed, ere putting on his spurs, in fantastic Gothic chapel, beneath "storied windows richly dight." Was there no poetry in him, either, half an hour afterwards, as he lay bleeding across the corpse of the gallant horse, waiting for his turn with the surgeon, and fumbled for the Bible in his boot, and tried to hum a psalm, and thought of Cousin Patience, and his father, and his mother, and how they would hear, at

[1] *Oliver Cromwell.*

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least, that he had played the man in Israel that day, and resisted unto blood, striving against sin and the Man of Sin?

And was there no poetry in him, too, as he came wearied along Thoresby dyke, in the quiet autumn eve, home to the house of his forefathers, and saw afar off the knot of tall poplars rising over the broad misty flat, and the one great abele tossing its sheets of silver in the dying gusts, and knew that they stood before his father's door? Who can tell all the pretty child-memories which flitted across his brain at that sight, and made him forget that he was a wounded cripple? There is the dyke where he and his brothers snared the great pike which stole the ducklings—how many years ago? while pretty little Patience stood by trembling, and shrieked at each snap of the brute's wide jaws; and there, down that long dark lode, ruffling with crimson in the sunset breeze, he and his brothers skated home in triumph with Patience when his uncle died. What a day that was! when, in the clear, bright winter noon, they laid the gate upon the ice, and tied the beef-bones under the four corners, and packed little Patience on it.—How prétty she looked, though her eyes were réd with weeping, as she peeped out from ámong the heap of blankets and horse-hides, and how merrily their long fen-runners whistled along the ice-lane, between the high banks of sighing reed, as they towed home their new treasure in triumph, at a pace like the race-horse's, to their dear old home among the poplar trees. And now he was going home to meet her, after a mighty victory, a deliverance from heaven, second only in his eyes to that Red-sea one. Was there no poetry in his heart at that thought? Did not the glowing sunset, and the reed-beds which it transfigured before him into sheets of golden flame, seem tokens that the glory of God was going before him in his path? Did

not the sweet clamour of the wild-fowl, gathering for one rich pæan ere they sank into rest, seem to him as God's bells chiming him home in triumph, with peals sweeter and bolder than those of Lincoln or Peterborough steeple-house? Did not the very lapwing, as she tumbled softly wailing, before his path, as she did years ago, seem to welcome the wanderer home in the name of heaven?

Fair Patience, too, though she was a Puritan, yet did not her cheek flush, her eye grow dim, like any other girl's, as she saw far off the red-coat, like a sliding spark of fire, coming slowly along the straight fen-bank, and fled up stairs into her chamber to pray, half that it might be, half that it might not be he? Was there no happy storm of human tears and human laughter when he entered the courtyard gate? Did not the old dog lick his Puritan hand as lovingly as if it had been a Cavalier's? Did not lads and lasses run out shouting? Did not the old yeoman father hug him, weep over him, hold him at arm's length, and hug him again, as heartily as any other John Bull, even though the next moment he called all to kneel down and thank Him who had sent his boy home again, after bestowing on him the grace to bind kings in chains and nobles with links of iron, and contend to death for the faith delivered to the saints? And did not Zeal-for-Truth look about as wistfully for Patience as any other man would have done, longing to see her, yet not daring even to ask for her? And when she came down at last, was she the less lovely in his eyes because she came, not flaunting with bare bosom, in tawdry finery and paint, but shrouded close in coif and pinner, hiding from all the world beauty which was there still, but was meant for one alone, and that only if God willed, in God's good time? And was there no faltering of their voices, no light in their eyes, no trembling pressure of their hands, which said more, and was more, aye, and more

beautiful in the sight of Him who made them, than all Herrick's Dianemes, Waller's Saccharissas, flames, darts, posies, love-knots, anagrams, and the rest of the insincere cant of the court? What if Zeal-for-Truth had never strung together two rhymes in his life? Did not his heart go for inspiration to a loftier Helicon, when it whispered to itself, "My love, my dove, my undefiled, is but one," than if he had filled pages with sonnets about Venuses and Cupids, love-sick shepherds and cruel nymphs?

And was there no poetry, true idyllic poetry, as of Longfellow's "Evangeline" itself, in that trip round the old farm next morning; when Zeal-for-Truth, after looking over every heifer, and peeping into every sty, would needs canter down by his father's side to the horse-fen, with his arm in a sling; while the partridges whirred up before them, and the lurchers flashed like grey snakes after the hare, and the colts came whinnying round, with staring eyes and streaming manes, and the two chatted on in the same sober businesslike English tone, alternately of "The Lord's great dealings" by General Cromwell, the pride of all honest fen-men, and the price of troop-horses at the next Horncastle fair?

Poetry in those old Puritans? Why not? They were men of like passions with ourselves. They loved, they married, they brought up children; they feared, they sinned, they sorrowed, they fought—they conquered. There was poetry enough in them, be sure, though they acted it like men, instead of singing it like birds.

XXI.

MILTON.

GREEN.

A picture more real and hardly less picturesque of Puritan life is to be seen in the early life of the Puritan poet, John Milton.].

MILTON is not only the highest, but the completest type of Puritanism. His life is absolutely contemporary with that of his cause. He was born when it began to exercise a direct power over English politics and English religion; he died when its effort to mould them into its own shape was over, and when it had again sunk into one of many influences to which we owe our English character. His earlier verse, the pamphlets of his riper years, the epics of his age, mark with a singular precision the three great stages in its history. His youth shows us how much of the gaiety, the poetic ease, the intellectual culture of the Renascence [1] lingered in a Puritan home. Scrivener [2] and "precisian" [3] as his father was, he was a skilful musician; and the boy inherited his father's skill on lute and organ. One of the finest outbursts in the scheme of education which he put forth at a later time is a passage, in which he vindicates the province of music as an agent in moral training. His home, his tutor, his school were all rigidly Puritan; but there was nothing narrow or illiberal in his early training. "My father," he says, "destined me while yet a little boy to the study of

[1] *The age of Elizabeth.* [2] *A scrivener was much like a modern attorney.* [3] *The Puritans were called "precisians" from their preciseness of speech and avoidance of oaths and untruths.*

humane letters; which I seized with such eagerness that from the twelfth year of my age I scarcely ever went from my lessons to bed before midnight." But to the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew he learnt at school, the scrivener advised him to add Italian and French. Nor were English letters neglected. Spenser gave the earliest turn to his poetic genius. In spite of the war between playwright and precisian, a Puritan youth could still in Milton's days avow his love of the stage, "if Jonson's [4] learned sock be on, or sweetest Shakspere, Fancy's child, warble his native wood-notes wild," and gather from the "masques and antique pageantry" of the court revel hints for his own "Comus" and "Arcades." Nor does any shadow of the coming struggle with the Church disturb the young scholar's reverie, as he wanders beneath "the high embowed roof, with antique pillars, massy proof, and storied windows richly dight, casting a dim religious light," or as he hears "the pealing organ blow to the full-voiced choir below, in service high and anthem clear."

His enjoyment of the gaiety of life stands in bright contrast with the gloom and sternness of the later Puritanism. In spite of "a certain reservedness of natural disposition," which shrank from "festivities and jests, in which I acknowledge my faculty to be very slight," the young singer could still enjoy the "jest and youthful jollity," of the world around him, of its "quips and cranks and wanton wiles;" he could join the crew of Mirth, and look pleasantly on at the village fair, "where the jolly rebecks sound to many a youth and many a maid, dancing in the chequered shade." But his pleasures were unreproved. There was nothing ascetic in his look, in his slender, vigorous frame, his face full of a delicate yet serious beauty, the rich brown hair which

[4] *Ben Jonson, the greatest of English dramatists who followed Shakspere.*

clustered over his brow; and the words we have quoted show his sensitive enjoyment of all that was beautiful. But from coarse or sensual self-indulgence the young Puritan turned with disgust: "A certain reservedness of nature, an honest haughtiness and self-esteem, kept me still above those low descents of mind." He drank in an ideal chivalry from Spenser, but his religion and purity disdained the outer pledge on which chivalry built up its fabric of honour. "Every free and gentle spirit," said Milton, "without that oath, ought to be born a knight." It was with this temper that he passed from his London school, St. Paul's, to Christ's College at Cambridge, and it was this temper that he preserved throughout his University career. He left Cambridge, as he said afterwards, "free from all reproach, and approved by all honest men," with a purpose of self-dedication "to that same lot, however mean or high, towards which time leads me, and the will of Heaven."

Milton was engaged during the civil war [5] in strife with Presbyterians and with Royalists, pleading for civil and religious freedom, for freedom of social life, and freedom of the press. At a later time he became Latin Secretary to the Protector, [6] in spite of a blindness which had been brought on by the intensity of his study. The Restoration found him of all living men the most hateful to the Royalists; for it was his "Defence of the English People" which had justified throughout Europe the execution of the King.[7] Parliament ordered his book to be burnt by the common hangman; he was for a time imprisoned, and even when released he had to live amidst threats of assassination from fanatical Cavaliers. To the ruin of his cause were added personal misfortunes in the bankruptcy of the scrivener who held the bulk of his property, and in the Fire of London, which

[5] *Between Charles the First and the Parliament.*
[6] *Cromwell.* [7] *Charles the First.*

deprived him of much of what was left. As age grew on, he found himself reduced to comparative poverty, and driven to sell his library for subsistence. Even among the sectaries who shared his political opinions Milton stood in religious opinion alone, for he had gradually severed himself from every accepted form of faith, and embraced Arianism, and had ceased to attend at any place of worship. Nor was his home a happy one. The grace and geniality of his youth disappeared in the drudgery of a schoolmaster's life and amongst the invectives of controversy. In age his temper became stern and exacting. His daughters, who were forced to read to their blind father in languages which they could not understand, revolted utterly against their bondage.

But solitude and misfortune only brought out into bolder relief Milton's inner greatness. There was a grand simplicity in the life of his later years. He listened every morning to a chapter of the Hebrew Bible, and after musing in silence for a while pursued his studies till midday. Then he took exercise for an hour, played for another hour on the organ or viol, and renewed his studies. The evening was spent in converse with visitors and friends. For lonely and unpopular as Milton was, there was one thing about him which made his house in Bunhill Fields a place of pilgrimage to the wits of the Restoration. He was the last of the Elizabethans. He had possibly seen Shakspere, as on his visits to London after his retirement to Stratford the playwright passed along Bread Street to his wit combats at the Mermaid. He had been the contemporary of Webster and Massinger, of Herrick and Crashaw. His "Comus" and "Arcades" had rivalled the masques of Ben Jonson. It was with a reverence drawn from thoughts like these that Dryden looked on the blind poet as he sate, clad in black, in his chamber hung with rusty green tapestry, his fair brown

hair falling as of old over a calm, serene face that still retained much of its youthful beauty, his cheeks delicately coloured, his clear grey eyes showing no trace of their blindness. But famous, whether for good or ill, as his prose writings had made him, during fifteen years only a few sonnets had broken his silence as a singer. It was now, in his blindness and old age, with the cause he loved trodden under foot by men as vile as the rabble in "Comus," that the genius of Milton took refuge in the great poem on which through years of silence his imagination had still been brooding.

On his return from his travels in Italy, Milton spoke of himself as musing on "a work not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapours of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amourist or the trencher fury of a rhyming parasite, nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her Siren daughters; but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim, with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases." His lips were touched at last. Seven years after the Restoration appeared the "Paradise Lost," and four years later the "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes," in the severe grandeur of whose verse we see the poet himself "fallen," like Samson, "on evil days and evil tongues, with darkness and with danger compassed round." But great as the two last works were, their greatness was eclipsed by that of their predecessor. The whole genius of Milton expressed itself in the "Paradise Lost." The romance, the gorgeous fancy, the daring imagination which he shared with the Elizabethan poets, the large but ordered beauty of form which he had drunk in from the literature of Greece and Rome, the sublimity of conception, the loftiness of phrase which he owed to the Bible, blended

in this story "of man's first disobedience, and the fruit of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste brought death into the world and all our woe." It is only when we review the strangely mingled elements which make up the poem that we realize the genius which fused them into such a perfect whole. The meagre outline of the Hebrew legend is lost in the splendour and music of Milton's verse. The stern idealism of Geneva is clothed in the gorgeous robes of the Renascence. If we miss something of the free play of Spenser's fancy, and yet more of the imaginative delight in their own creations which gives so exquisite a life to the poetry of the early dramatists, we find in place of these the noblest example which our literature affords of the ordered majesty of classic form.

XXII.

STRAFFORD'S TRIAL AND DEATH.

FORSTER.

[James struggled fiercely against Puritanism and the love of freedom it aroused, and the struggle went on under his son Charles the First. Parliament after parliament was dissolved; and Charles at last resolved to govern by his own will. In this he was chiefly supported by Sir Thomas Wentworth, afterwards made Earl of Strafford, a man of great genius, but of an arbitrary and despotic temper, who went to Ireland as its governor, and strove to build up an Irish army which might be used to keep England and English freedom at the King's feet. But after some years troubles broke suddenly out in Scotland: the Scots rose in revolt; the English troops whom the King raised refused to fight; the Irish army proved useless; and the whole system of arbitrary rule came to an end. Charles was forced to summon the Long Parliament, and one of

its first acts was to impeach Lord Strafford. His trial before the Lords was in effect a trial of the King's government.]

THREE kingdoms,[1] by their representatives, were present, and for fifteen days, the period of the duration of the trial, "it was daily," says Baillie, "the most glorious assembly the isle could afford." The Earl[2] himself appeared before it each day in deep mourning, wearing his George.[3] The stern and simple character of his features accorded with the occasion,—his "countenance manly black," as Whitelock terms it, and his thick dark hair cut short from his ample forehead. A poet who was present exclaimed,

> "On thy brow
> Sate terror mixed with wisdom, and at once
> Saturn and Hermes in thy countenance."

—To this was added the deep interest which can never be withheld from sickness bravely borne. His face was dashed with paleness, and his body stooped with its own infirmities even more than with its master's cares. This was, indeed, so evident, that he was obliged to allude to it himself, and it was not seldom alluded to by others. "They had here," he said, on one occasion, "this rag of mortality before them, worn out with numerous infirmities, which, if they tore into shreds, there was no great loss, only in the spilling of his, they would open a way to the blood of all the nobility in the land." His disorders were the most terrible to bear in themselves, and of that nature, moreover, which can least endure the aggravation of mental anxiety. A severe attack of stone, gout in one of his legs to an extent even with him unusual, and other pains, had bent all their

[1] *Scotland and Ireland sent representatives to join those of the English House of Commons as accusers.* [2] *Strafford.*
[3] *The insignia of the Garter.*

afflictions upon him. Yet, though a generous sympathy was demanded on this score, and paid by not a few of his worst opponents, it availed little with the multitudes that were present. Much noise and confusion prevailed at all times through the hall; there was always a great clamour near the doors; and we have it on the authority of Rushworth himself,[4] that at those intervals when Strafford was busied in preparing his answers, the most distracting "hubbubs" broke out, lords walked about and chatted, and commoners were yet more offensively loud. This was unfavourable to the recollection, for disproof, of incidents long passed, and of conversations forgotten! But conscious that he was not to be allowed in any case permission to retire, as soon as one of his opponent managers had closed his charge, the Earl calmly turned his back to his judges, and with uncomplaining composure, conferred with his secretaries and counsel.

As the trial proceeded, so extraordinary were the resources he manifested, that the managers of the commons failed in much of the effect of their evidence. Even the clergy who were present forgot the imprisonment of the weak and miserable Laud[5] (who now lay in prison, stripped of his power by this formidable parliament, which the very despotism of himself and Strafford had gifted with its potently operative force!) and thought of nothing but the "grand apostate"[6] before them. "By this time," says May, "the people began to be a little divided in opinion. The clergy in general were so much fallen into love and admiration of this Earl, that the Archbishop of Canterbury was almost quite forgotten by them. The courtiers cried him

[4] *The Clerk of the House of Commons.* [5] *Archbishop of Canterbury, and fellow-minister of the King with Strafford.*
[6] *Strafford had begun his parliamentary life as a supporter of English rights, and had afterwards gone over to the side of the Crown.*

up, and the ladies were exceedingly on his side. It seemed a very pleasant object to see so many Sempronias, with pen, ink, and paper in their hands, noting the passages, and discoursing upon the grounds, of law and state. They were all of his side, whether moved by pity, proper to their sex, or by ambition of being able to judge of the parts of the prisoner. Even the chairman of the committee who prepared his impeachment observes, "Certainly never any man acted such a part, on such a theatre, with more wisdom, constancy, and eloquence, with greater reason, judgment, and temper, and with a better grace in all his words and gestures, than this great and excellent person did."

[The trial ended in the Earl's condemnation; and in spite of his trust in the King, Charles left him to die.]

Strafford moved on to the scaffold with undisturbed composure. His body, so soon to be released, had given him a respite of its infirmities for that trying hour. Rushworth, the Clerk of the Parliament, was one of the spectators, and has minutely described the scene. "When he arrived outside the Tower, the Lieutenant desired him to take coach at the gate, lest the enraged mob should tear him in pieces. 'No,' said he, 'Mr. Lieutenant, I dare look death in the face, and the people too; have you a care I do not escape; 'tis equal to me how I die, whether by the stroke of the executioner, or by the madness and fury of the people, if that may give them better content.'" Not less than 100,000 persons, who had crowded in from all parts, were visible on Tower-hill, in a long and dark perspective. Strafford, in his walk, took off his hat frequently, and saluted them, and received not a word of insult or reproach. His step and manner are described by Rushworth to have been those of "a general marching at the head of an army, to breathe victory, rather than those of a condemned man, to

undergo the sentence of death." At his side, upon the scaffold, stood his brother, Sir George Wentworth, the Bishop of Armagh, the Earl of Cleveland, and others of his friends,—and behind them the indefatigable collector Rushworth, who "being then on the scaffold with him," as he says, took down the speech which, having asked their patience first, Strafford at some length addressed to the people. He declared the innocence of his intentions, whatever might have been the construction of his acts, and said that the prosperity of his country was his fondest wish. But it augured ill, he told them, for the people's happiness, to write the commencement of a reformation in letters of blood. "One thing I desire to be heard in," he added, "and do hope that for Christian charity's sake I shall be believed. I was so far from being against parliaments, that I did always think parliaments in England to be the happy constitution of the kingdom and nation, and the best means, under God, to make the King and his people happy."

He then turned to take leave of the friends who had accompanied him to the scaffold. He beheld his brother weeping excessively. "Brother," he said, "what do you see in me to cause these tears? Does any innocent fear betray in me—guilt? or my innocent boldness—atheism? Think that you are now accompanying me the fourth time to my marriage-bed. That block must be my pillow, and here I shall rest from all my labours. No thoughts of envy, no dreams of treason, nor jealousies, nor cares, for the king, the state, or myself, shall interrupt this easy sleep. Remember me to my sister, and to my wife; and carry my blessing to my eldest son, and to Ann, and Arabella, not forgetting my little infant, that knows neither good nor evil, and cannot speak for itself. God speak for it, and bless it!" While undressing himself, and winding his hair under a cap, he said, looking on the block—"I do as cheerfully

put oft my doublet at this time as ever I did when I went to bed."

"Then," proceeds Rushworth, closing this memorable scene, "then he called, 'Where is the man that shall do this last office (meaning the executioner)? call him to me.' When he came and asked him forgiveness, he told him he forgave him and all the world. Then kneeling down by the block, he went to prayer again by himself, the Bishop of Armagh kneeling on the one side, and the minister on the other; to the which minister after prayer he turned himself, and spoke some few words softly; having his hands lifted up, the minister closed his hands with his. Then bowing himself to the earth, to lay down his head on the block, he told the executioner that he would first lay down his head to try the fitness of the block, and take it up again, before he laid it down for good and all; and so he did; and before he laid it down again he told the executioner that he would give him warning when to strike, by stretching forth his hands; and then he laid down his neck on the block, stretching out his hands; the excutioner struck off his head at one blow, then took the head up in his hand, and showed it to all the people, and said, 'God save the King!'"

XXIII.

DEATH OF HAMPDEN.

MACAULAY.

[For a time the King seemed to consent to the reforms of the Long Parliament; but he at last broke from it, collected an army, and made war against it. The Parliament gathered another army, and after a drawn battle at Edgehill, the two forces encamped in the valley of the

Thames, Charles occupying Oxford, the Parliamentary army covering London by taking post in the vale of Aylesbury. The most active and able of its officers was John Hampden, a Buckinghamshire squire, who had refused to pay an illegal tax called ship-money, and had become one of the leading members of the Long Parliament. Hampden was as wise and temperate as he was earnest in his patriotism; and his fall was the severest loss English freedom ever sustained.]

IN the early part of 1643 the shires lying in the neighbourhood of London, which were devoted to the cause of the Parliament, were incessantly annoyed by Rupert[1] and his cavalry. Essex[2] had extended his lines so far that almost every point was vulnerable. The young prince, who, though not a great general, was an active and enterprising partisan, frequently surprised posts, burned villages, swept away cattle, and was again at Oxford before a force sufficient to encounter him could be assembled.

The languid proceedings of Essex were loudly condemned by the troops. All the ardent and daring spirits in the parliamentary party were eager to have Hampden at their head. Had his life been prolonged, there is every reason to believe that the supreme command would have been entrusted to him. But it was decreed that, at this conjuncture, England should lose the only man who united perfect disinterestedness to eminent talents, the only man who, being capable of gaining the victory for her, was incapable of abusing that victory when gained.

In the evening of the 17th of June Rupert darted out of Oxford with his cavalry on a predatory expedition. At three in the morning of the following day he attacked and dispersed a few parliamentary soldiers who lay at Postcombe. He then

[1] *Prince Rupert was a German nephew of Charles, who commanded his horse.* [2] *The Earl of Essex was general of the Parliamentary army.*

flew to Chinnor, burned the village, killed or took all the troops who were quartered there, and prepared to hurry back with his booty and his prisoners to Oxford.

Hampden had, on the preceding day, strongly represented to Essex the danger to which this part of the line was exposed. As soon as he received intelligence of Rupert's incursion, he sent off a horseman with a message to the General. The cavaliers, he said, could return only by Chiselhampton Bridge. A force ought to be instantly despatched in that direction for the purpose of intercepting them. In the meantime he resolved to set out with all the cavalry that he could muster, for the purpose of impeding the march of the enemy till Essex could take measures for cutting off their retreat. A considerable body of horse and dragoons volunteered to follow him. He was not their commander. He did not even belong to their branch of the service. But "he was," says Lord Clarendon, "second to none but the General himself in the observance and application of all men." On the field of Chalgrove he came up with Rupert. A fierce skirmish ensued. In the first charge Hampden was struck in the shoulder by two bullets, which broke the bone, and lodged in his body. The troops of the Parliament lost heart and gave way. Rupert, after pursuing them for a short time, hastened to cross the bridge, and made his retreat unmolested to Oxford.

Hampden, with his head drooping, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle. The mansion which had been inhabited by his father-in-law, and from which in his youth he had carried home his bride Elizabeth, was in sight. There still remains an affecting tradition that he looked for a moment towards that beloved house, and made an effort to go thither and die. But the enemy lay in that direction. He turned his horse towards

Thame, where he arrived almost fainting with agony. The surgeon dressed his wounds. But there was no hope. The pain which he suffered was most excruciating. But he endured it with admirable firmness and resignation. His first care was for his country. He wrote from his bed several letters to London concerning public affairs, and sent a last pressing message to the head-quarters, recommending that the dispersed forces should be concentrated. When his public duties were performed, he calmly prepared himself to die. He was attended by a clergyman of the Church of England, with whom he had lived in habits of intimacy, and by the chaplain of the Buckinghamshire Greencoats, Dr. Spurton, whom Baxter describes as an able and excellent divine.

A short time before Hampden's death the sacrament was administered to him. He declared that though he disliked the government of the Church of England, he yet agreed with that Church as to all essential matters of doctrine. His intellect remained unclouded. When all was nearly over, he lay murmuring faint prayers for himself, and for the cause in which he died. "Lord Jesus," he exclaimed in the moment of the last agony, "receive my soul. O Lord, save my country. O Lord, be merciful to——." In that broken ejaculation passed away his noble and fearless spirit.

He was buried in the parish church of Hampden.[3] His soldiers, bareheaded, with reversed arms and muffled drums and colours, escorted his body to the grave, singing, as they marched, that lofty and melancholy psalm in which the fragility of human life is contrasted with the immutability of Him to whom a thousand years are as yesterday when it is passed, and as a watch in the night.

[3] *The village of Hampden on the Cotswolds, by Hampden House.*

XXIV.

MARSTON MOOR.

MARKHAM.

[For a time the royal armies won successes over those of their opponents, and the King gained ground. But the Scots at last came to the aid of the Parliament, and their armies closed on York; the Scotch under Lord Leven, a Yorkshire army under Fairfax, and one from the Eastern Counties with Lord Manchester and Cromwell at its head. Lord Newcastle, who commanded for the King in the north, appealed for aid to Charles; and Prince Rupert was sent to unite with him and to relieve the town. The forces met on Marston Moor, an open ground a few miles from York.]

HERE were the two great armies drawn up in battle array; a deep ditch, and a strip of land covered with waving corn, a few hundred paces across, alone dividing them. We may picture to ourselves the long lines of horsemen, with their breast-plates glittering in the afternoon sun; the solid masses of shouldered pikes, such as Velasquez has made us familiar with in his glorious picture of *Las Lanzas;* and the hundreds of fluttering pennons above them, of all shapes and colours. The standard of Prince Rupert, with its red cross, was nearly five yards long.

At about five in the afternoon, there was a silence—no movement on either side. A fearful ominous pause. The tension of such silence, at such a moment, was more than the men could endure, and soon "in Marston corn-fields they fell to singing psalms." Leven[1] paused, in the hope

[1] *The Scotch General, Lord Leven, took supreme command in the whole Parliamentary force.*

that the Royalists would advance to attack him, for there would be an evident disadvantage to the army that crossed the ditch, as such a movement must necessarily somewhat break and confuse its line. But there was no sign of any such intention on the part of the enemy; and old Leven, seeing that they would not charge him, resolved, by the help of God, to charge them. It was seven o'clock before the order for a general advance was sounded, but a "summer's evening is as long as a winter's day," and there was time to join battle before night, when a bright harvest moon would give light enough for the victors to complete their work.

The whole allied line came down through the corn in the bravest order, the solid squares of foot and masses of cavalry looking like so many thick clouds. They joined battle with their foes along the line of the ditch, and then truly the silence was exchanged for a deafening noise of fire, clashing of steel, and loud defiant shouts. The Royalists were forced back at all points. Manchester's foot, led on by General Crawford, drove the enemy out of the part of the ditch in their front with some slaughter, capturing four drakes. This enabled the main battle of the Scots foot to pass the barrier with little opposition, the dragoons having already gained the line of Syke beck, or the "cross ditch," as they called it. Sir William Fairfax also, on the right centre, with his Yorkshire foot, beat off the enemy from the hedge in his front, captured a demi-culverin and two drakes,[2] and began to lead his men up Moor-lane.

Thus the allies had carried the ditch, and gained a position on the moor along their whole line. The musketeers in the ditch fell back, and the battle commenced again on a new line, nearly as far north as White Syke close.

[2] *Various sorts of artillery.*

Meanwhile the wings had delivered their charges. David Leslie and Cromwell fell upon the Newark horse under Lord Byron close along the ditch, and, after some sharp fighting, routed and dispersed them. But, as they opened to right and left, the main body of the Royalist wing, consisting of Rupert's life guards and Grandison's regiment, appeared in the gap, ready to charge, some few hundred yards away on the moor.

From some cause or other, Cromwell and his men did pause at a critical moment, when David Leslie dashed on to the charge, and met Rupert's horse in full career, giving the troopers of Manchester's brigade time to recover themselves and support him. A desperate conflict ensued. For some time the two bodies of horses stood at swords' point, hacking one another. Ludlow heard a story that, having discharged their pistols, they flung them at each other's heads, and fell to with their swords. Young Lord Grandison received as many as ten wounds. At last the Royalists wavered, broke, and fled in irretrievable rout, riding over and dispersing their own reserves of foot. Yet they had bravely disputed every inch of ground for nearly an hour. They fled along Wilstrop wood side as fast and thick as could be, hotly pursued by the victorious allies, who chased them down the York road for three miles, committing fearful slaughter, to which the bullets found long afterwards in the heart wood of Wilstrop trees bore silent testimony. Rupert himself would have been taken prisoner if he had not hid himself in some "bean-lands." He played the "creep-hedge," as John Vicars spitefully puts it. The brigade of Manchester's foot, under Crawford, advanced by the side of the horse, dispersing the enemy's infantry as fast as they charged, and utterly routing Rupert's foot regiments, under O'Neil, which formed the right of the Royalist line.

All this time the Scots brigade, forming the centre, was

bearing the brunt of the action, and repulsing the assaults of Porter's division, led on by Lord Eythin; while the Fairfaxes were suffering a great disaster on the right.

Sir William Fairfax, after crossing the ditch, gallantly led his men up Moor-lane through a terrific cross-fire. But, as they emerged on the moor in column, they were received with murderous volleys from Newcastle's white-coats,[3] so that there was more slaughter here than on any other part of the field. They wavered, and just then large bodies of their own flying cavalry, routed by Sir William Urry, galloped over them in wild disorder. They were thrown into confusion, and, with the two regiments of Scots reserves, broke and fled towards Tadcaster.

At the same time as the foot advanced up Moor-lane, the engagement had commenced between the horse of Fairfax and Goring on the extreme right. Sir Thomas was given the most difficult ground on the whole battle-field. Besides several ditches, there was a dense undergrowth of furze in that part of the moor, which threw the cavalry into some disorder before reaching the enemy. Notwithstanding these inconveniences, he saw his right wing properly formed, and then, placing himself at the head of his own regiment, charged the enemy in most gallant style. He was opposed to Sir William Urry's alternate bodies of horse and musketeers, and was a long time hotly engaged at swords' point, suffering terribly from the galling fire of the muskets; but at last he routed this part of the Royalist wing, and his regiment chased the fugitives some way along the road to York. This was the most desperate fight in the whole battle, and many of the officers and men were killed and wounded. Sir Thomas himself received a deep sabre cut across the cheek, the mark of which he took with him to his grave.

[3] *So called from the white uniforms Newcastle's men wore.*

The left wing of the Royalists was now completely victorious. Part of the troops galloped up the hill, and began plundering the baggage round the clump of trees. The rest, consisting of Newcastle's white-coats, and the cavalry led by Lucas and Urry, made a furious attack upon the right flank of the allied centre, which was already hotly engaged with Porter's division in front. The fate of the battle now depended upon the valour and steadiness of this brigade of four regiments of Scots foot, under General Baillie, with its reserves under Lumsdaine. "They had," says Principal Baillie, "the greatest burden of the conduct of all." If they could hold their own until the left wing could come to the rescue, the day was won; if not, utter ruin was inevitable.

Both sides saw this, and the struggle became desperate. One eye-witness declares that there was such noise with shot and clamour of shouts, that it was quite deafening, and the smoke of the powder was so thick that no light could be seen but what preceeded from the mouths of guns. Twice the Royalist cavalry charged furiously, and twice were they gallantly repulsed, the Scotch regiments in alternate *tertias* of pikes and muskets maintaining their ground for nearly an hour. At a third charge they wavered, and some of the reserves broke and fled. But Lumsdaine and Lord Lindsay rallied two or three regiments, and at that moment David Leslie and Manchester's foot appeared on the scene, and the day was won. Sir Charles Lucas's horse was killed, and he himself taken prisoner when he charged the third time.

When the reserves of the centre broke, the old Earl of Leven urged them to stand their ground. "If you fly from the enemy," he exclaimed, "at least stand by your general." But it was all in vain. They were panic-stricken, and fled; and he, thinking, like Lord Fairfax, that all was lost, fled

with them. We can tell the time of his flight by the direction he took. Instead of following Lord Fairfax to Tadcaster, he turned sharp to the right, because Marston Fields were already overrun by the victorious left wing of the Royalists, and rode away to Wetherby, or, as some say, as far as Leeds. Both Scots and English, friends and enemies, seem to have taken special pleasure in retailing numerous versions of the poor old veteran's mishap or mistake, not remembering how ably he formed the line of battle, and how hard he strove to rally the fugitives.

It was at this juncture that the Marquis of Newcastle woke up, got out of his coach, and proceeded to join in the combat, followed by his brother, a page, and a few gentlemen volunteers. He had an independent encounter with a pike-man; and after performing other prodigies of valour, was, according to the Duchess, the last to ride off the field, leaving his coach and-six behind him. It was taken, with all his correspondence, some of which criminated poor Sir John Hotham.

The left wing of the allies heard of the reverses on the right from Sir Thomas Fairfax, when he joined them with his regiment as they were chasing the Royalists along Wilstrop wood side. He and David Leslie, with Crawford and Cromwell, then led the troops across the moor, to the support of their centre, now sorely pressed in front and flank. When the plundering Royalists saw their approach, they hurried down from Marston Fields. For a time the renewed conflict was sharp, but it did not last long. The Royalist cavalry of their left wing, demoralised by success, were routed by Manchester's horse; while David Leslie and the Scots dragoons charged the Royalist foot that still held their ground.

Newcastle's regiment of white-coats resolved to die rather than submit, and retreated into White Syke close; where, as

the Duchess describes it, "they showed such extraordinary valour that they were killed as they stood, in rank and file." Captain Camby, who came up with some of Manchester's horse in support of Leslie, and was one of the first to enter the close, describes it as "a small parcel of ground ditched in." For a whole hour, after the day was utterly lost, did these brave border men continue to fight, repulsing the charges of the cavalry, and of Colonel Frizell's dragoons, at near push of pike. They would take no quarter, and when the allied horse did enter the close, there were not thirty white-coats alive. Captain Camby protested that "he never, in all the fights he was ever in, saw such resolute brave fellows, and that he saved two or three against their wills."

Long before this the battle was won. The horse of Manchester and Leslie charged every party remaining in the field until all were fairly routed and put to flight, and by nine that night the field was cleared of all but prisoners and dead. There would have been many more slain in the heat of the pursuit had not Sir Thomas Fairfax galloped up and down, calling to the soldiers to spare their enemies. "Spare the poor deluded countrymen," he cried; "O spare them who are misled, and know not what they do." The whole Royalist army fled in utter rout to York.

XXV.

TRIAL OF THE KING.

FORSTER.

[Another great overthrow at Naseby completed the ruin of the royal armies; and Charles was at last driven to give himself up to the Scots, who surrendered him to the Parliament. Strife, however, had now broken out between the Parliament and its victorious army, and Charles used

this to bring about a fresh and desperate royalist rising, which was supported by an army from Scotland, which had now turned on his side. All, however, were defeated; and in their anger the army, which had now mastered the Parliament by driving out the greater part of its members, determined that he should be put to death. The House of Commons ordered a court to be set up for his trial under the Lord President Bradshaw, and to this Charles was summoned.]

THE King was brought privately from Windsor to St. James's, and on the following morning, the 20th of January, 1649, conducted by Colonel Harrison from St. James's to Westminster. A scene awaited him there, which called, and not in vain, for an exercise of dignity and firmness unsurpassed in the history of kings.

Westminster Hall, fitted up as a "high court of justice" received him. In the centre of the court, on a crimson velvet chair, sat Bradshaw dressed in a scarlet robe, and covered by his famous "broad-brimmed hat;" with a desk and velvet cushion before him; Say and Lisle on each side of him; and the two clerks of the court sitting below him at a table, covered with a rich Turkey carpet, on which were laid the sword of state and a mace. The rest of the court, with their hats on, and, according to Rushworth, "in their best habits," took their seats on side benches hung with scarlet. A numerous guard of gentlemen carrying partisans divided themselves on each side. Such was the simple appearance in itself of this memorable court. When its members had all taken their seats, the great gates of the hall were thrown open, and the vast area below was at once filled with crowds of the English people, eager to witness the astonishing spectacle of a monarch brought to account for crimes committed in the period of his delegated authority. This presence of the people was the grandest feature of

the scene. Surrounding galleries were also filled with spectators.

Charles entered and advanced up the side of the hall next the Thames, from the house of Sir Robert Cotton. He was attended by Colonels Tomlinson and Hacker, by thirty-two officers holding partisans, and by his own servants. The serjeant-at-arms, with his mace, received him and conducted him to the bar, where a crimson velvet chair was placed for him, facing the court. After a stern and steadfast gaze on the court, and on the people in the galleries on each side of him, Charles placed himself in the chair—and the moment after, as if recollecting something, rose up, and turned about, looking down the vast hall, first on the guards which were ranged on its left or western side, and then on the eager waving multitude of the people which filled the space on the right. No visible emotion escaped him; but as he turned again, his eye fell upon the escutcheon which bore the newly-designed arms of the Commonwealth, on each side of which sat Oliver Cromwell and Henry Marten, and he sank into his seat. The guard attending him divided on each side of the court, and the servants who followed him to the bar stood on the left of their master.

Bradshaw now addressed the King, and told him that the Commons of England, assembled in parliament, being deeply sensible of the evils and calamities which had been brought on the nation, and the innocent blood that had been spilled, and having fixed on him as the principal author, had resolved to make inquisition for this blood, and to bring him to trial and judgment; and had therefore constituted this court, before which he was brought to hear his charge, after which the court would proceed according to justice. Coke, then, the solicitor, delivered in, in writing the charge, which the clerk read. The King endeavoured to

interrupt the reading, but the president commanded the clerk to go on, and told Charles, that if he had anything to say after, the court would hear him. The charge stated that he, the King, had been intrusted with a limited power to govern according to law; being obliged to use that power for the benefit of the people, and the preservation of their rights and liberties; but that he had designed to erect in himself an unlimited power, and to take away the remedy of misgovernment, reserved in the fundamental constitution, in the right and power of frequent and successive parliaments. It then proceeded to enumerate the principal occasions on which, in execution of his purpose of levying war on the present parliament, he had caused the blood of many thousands of the free people of this nation to be shed: and it affirmed all these purposes and this war to have been carried on for the upholding a personal interest of will and power, and a pretended prerogative to himself and his family, against the public interest, and common right, liberty, justice, and peace, of the people of this nation.—The charge being read, the president demanded Charles's answer.

During the reading Charles is said to have smiled at the words "tyrant" and "traitor" which occurred in the course of it. But, two or three minutes after, a trivial incident changed the current of his thoughts, and gave him a more awful sense of the situation in which he stood. In touching Coke gently on the shoulder with his cane, and bidding him 'Hold,' its gold head dropped off; and he, who was accustomed to be served with eager anticipation and slavish genuflexion, was left to take it up himself. This omen is said to have waked his superstition. It was no less calculated to affect him through his reason.

[After some days the trial drew to its end.]

The duty of "preparing the draft of a final sentence,

with a blank for the manner of death," was now entrusted to Henry Marten (who had attended every day of the trial), to Thomas Scot, to Henry Ireton, to Harrison, Say, Lisle, and Love. The next day (the 26th of January) this sentence was engrossed at a private meeting, and the 27th appointed for the last sitting of the court.

On that memorable and most melancholy day, the King was brought for the last time to Westminster Hall. As he proceeded along the passages to the court, some of the soldiers and of the rabble set up a cry of "Justice!" "Justice, and execution!" These men distrusted the good faith of their leaders; and, seeing that six days had now passed without any conclusion, suspected, as the manner of rude and ignorant men is, that there was some foul play and treachery. One of the soldiers upon guard said, "God bless you, sir." The King thanked him; but his officer struck him with his cane. "The punishment," said Charles, "methinks, exceeds the offence." The King, when he had retired, asked Herbert, who attended him, whether he had heard the cry for justice; who answered, he did, and wondered at it. "So did not I," said Charles: "the cry was no doubt given by their officers, for whom the soldiers would do the like, were there occasion."

Placed for the last time at the bar, Charles without waiting for the address of Bradshaw, whose appearance betokened judgment, desired of the court, that, before an "ugly sentence" was pronounced upon him, he might be heard *before the two houses of parliament*, he having something to suggest which nearly concerned the peace and liberty of the kingdom. The court would at once have rejected this proposal, (which was in effect tantamount to a demand for the reversal of all that had been done, and a revocation of the vote that had been passed, declaring the

people, under God, the original of all just power, and that the Commons house in parliament, as representing the people, were the supreme power,) but for the expressed dissatisfaction of Commissioner Downes, a timid and insincere man, in consequence of which the sitting was broken up, and the court retired to deliberate in private. They returned in half an hour, with an unanimous refusal of the request.

It is supposed by many writers, that Charles purposed, in case they had assented, to resign the crown in favour of his son. But if so, it has been fairly asked, Why did he not make the offer known in some other way? It would have produced its effect as certainly if promulgated in any other mode, and would at all events have bequeathed to posterity the full knowledge "to what extremity he was willing to advance for the welfare of his people, and to save his country from the stain of regicide." The supposition of that intention does scarcely, in fact, seem probable. Charles had wedded himself to his kingly office, and had now accustomed himself to look on death as the seal that should stamp their union and the fame of martyrdom, indelibly and for ever. His real purpose in making the request must remain a secret, equally with the well-considered motives of the commissioners in refusing it.

Bradshaw now rose to pronounce the sentence. "What sentence," he said, "the law affirms to a tyrant, traitor, and public enemy, that sentence you are now to hear read unto you, and that is the sentence of the court." The clerk then read it at large from a scroll of vellum. After reciting the appointment and purpose of the high court, the refusal of the King to acknowledge it, and the charges proved upon him, it concluded thus: "for all which treasons and crimes, this court doth adjudge that he the said Charles Stuart, as a tyrant, traitor, murderer,

and public enemy, shall be put to death by severing his head from his body." Then Bradshaw again rose and said, "The sentence now read and published is the act, sentence, judgment, and resolution of the whole court;" upon which, all the commissioners stood up by way of declaring their assent. The unhappy King now solicited permission to speak, but was refused. The words which passed between him and Bradshaw are worthy of record, as a most pathetic consummation of the melancholy scene. The fortitude and dignity which had sustained Charles throughout, appears at last to have somewhat given way; but in its place we recognise a human suffering and agony of heart to the last degree affecting. "Will you hear me a word, sir?" he asked. "Sir," replied Bradshaw, "you are not to be heard after the sentence." "No, sir?" exclaimed the King. "No, sir, by your favour," retorted the president. "Guards, withdraw your prisoner." Charles then exclaimed, with a touching struggle of deep emotion, "I may speak after the sentence! By your favour, sir!—I may speak after the sentence!—EVER!—By your favour——" A stern monosyllable from Bradshaw interrupted him,—"Hold!" and signs were given to the guards. With passionate entreaty the King again interfered. "The sentence, sir! I say, sir, I do——" Again Bradshaw said, "Hold!" and the King was taken out of court as these words broke from him—"I am not suffered to speak. Expect what justice other people will have!"

XXVI.

EXECUTION OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

MASSON.

[Great efforts were made to save the King, but the Commons refused to spare his life, and on Tuesday, the thirtieth of January, 1649, he was beheaded at Whitehall.]

It was about ten o'clock in the morning when the procession was formed, from St. James's, through the Park, to Whitehall. With Bishop Juxon[1] on his right hand, Colonel Tomlinson on his left, Herbert[2] following close, and a guard of halberdiers in front and behind, the King walked, at his usual very fast pace, through the Park, soldiers lining the whole way, with colours flying and drums beating, and such a noise rising from the gathered crowd that it was hardly possible for any two in the procession to hear each other speak. Herbert had been told to bring with him the silver clock or watch that hung usually by the King's bedside, and on their way through the Park the King asked what o'clock it was and gave Herbert the watch to keep. A rude fellow from the mob kept abreast with the King for some time, staring at his face as if in wonder, till the Bishop had him turned away. There is a tradition that, when the procession came to the end of the Park, near the present passage from Spring Gardens, the King pointed to a tree, and said that tree had been planted by his brother Henry.

Arrived at last at the stairs leading into Whitehall, he was taken, through the galleries of the Palace, to the bed-

[1] *The Bishop of London.* [2] *Charles's personal attendant.*

chamber he had usually occupied while residing there; and here he had some farther time allowed him for rest and devotion with Juxon alone. Having sent Herbert for some bread and wine, he ate a mouthful of the bread and drank a small glass of claret. Here Herbert broke down so completely that he felt he could not accompany the King to the scaffold, and Juxon had to take from him the white satin cap he had brought by the King's orders, to be put on at the fatal moment. At last, a little after twelve o'clock, Hacker's[3] signal was heard outside, and Juxon and Herbert went on their knees, affectionately kissing the King's hands. Juxon being old and feeble, the King helped him to rise, and then, commanding the door to be opened, followed Hacker. With soldiers for his guard, he was conveyed along some of the galleries of the old Palace, now no longer extant, to the New Banqueting Hall, which Inigo Jones had built, and which still exists. Besides the soldiers, many men and women had crowded into the Hall, from whom, as his Majesty passed on, there was heard a general murmur of commiseration and prayer, the soldiers themselves not objecting, but appearing grave and respectful.

Through a passage broken in the wall of the Banqueting Hall, or more probably through one of the windows, dismantled for the purpose, Charles emerged on the scaffold, in the open street, fronting the site of the present Horse Guards. The scaffold was hung with black, and carpeted with black, the block and the axe in the middle; a number of persons already stood upon it, among whom were several men with black masks concealing their faces; in the street in front all round the scaffold, were companies of foot and horse; and beyond these, as far as the eye could reach,

[3] *Colonel Hacker commanded the soldiers set apart for the guard over the execution.*

towards Charing Cross on the one side and Westminster Abbey on the other, was a closely packed multitude of spectators. The King, walking on the scaffold, looked earnestly at the block, and said something to Hacker as if he thought it were too low; after which, taking out a small piece of paper, on which he had jotted some notes, he proceeded to address those standing near him.

What he said may have taken about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour to deliver, and appears, from the short-hand report of it which has been preserved, to have been rather incoherent. "Now, Sirs," he said at one point, "I must show you both how you are out of the way, and I will put you in the way. First, you are out of the way; for certainly all the way you ever have had yet, as I could find by anything, is in the way of conquest. Certainly this is an ill way; for conquest, Sirs, in my opinion, is never just, except there be a good just cause, either for matter of wrong, or just title; and then, if you go beyond it, the first quarrel that you have to it, *that* makes it unjust at the end that was just at first." A little farther on, when he had begun a sentence, "For the King indeed I will not," a gentleman chanced to touch the axe. "Hurt not the axe," he interrupted; "*that* may hurt me," and then resumed. "As for the King, the Laws of the Land will clearly instruct you for that: therefore, because it concerns my own particular, I only give you a touch of it. For the People: and truly I desire their liberty and freedom as much as anybody whomsoever; but I must tell you that their liberty and freedom consists of having of Government those laws by which their life and their goods may be most their own. It is not having *share* in Government, Sirs; that is nothing pertaining to them. A subject and a sovereign are clean different things; and therefore, until they do that—I mean, that you put the People in

that liberty, as I say—certainly they will never enjoy themselves." In conclusion he said he would have liked to have a little more time, so as to have put what he meant to say "in a little more order, and a little better digested," and gave the paper containing the heads of his speech to Juxon.

As he had said nothing specially about Religion, Juxon reminded him of the omission. "I thank you very heartily, my Lord," said Charles, "for that I had almost forgotten it. In troth, Sirs, my conscience in Religion, I think it very well known to the world; and therefore I declare before you all that I die a Christian, according to the profession of the Church of England as I found it left me by my father; and this honest man (the Bishop) I think will witness it." There were some more words addressed particularly to Hacker, and the other officers; and once more, seeing a gentleman go too near the axe, he called out, "Take heed of the axe; pray take heed of the axe." Then, taking the white satin cap from Juxon, he put it on, and, with the assistance of Juxon and the chief executioner, pushed his hair all within it. Some final sentences of pious import then passed between the King and Juxon, and the King, having taken off his cloak and George, and given the latter to Juxon, with the word "Remember," knelt down and put his neck on the block. After a second or two he stretched out his hands, and the axe descended, severing the head from the body at one blow. There was a vast shudder through the mob, and then a universal groan.

XXVII.

ESCAPE OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

GUIZOT.

[The death of the King was followed by the conquest of Ireland and Scotland. Both were wrought by Oliver Cromwell, who had done much to win the victories of Marston Moor and Naseby, and who became, on the resignation of Fairfax, Lord General of the Parliamentary Army. He subdued Ireland by measures of ruthless severity; invaded Scotland, which had proclaimed Charles, the son of the dead King, as its sovereign; won a great victory at Dunbar, and drove the young "King of Scots," as he was called, to march into England, in hope of raising a fresh civil war. At Worcester he was overtaken by Cromwell, utterly defeated, and driven to flight. He first sought shelter at a house in the valley of the Severn.]

WHITELADIES was the first asylum of Charles; he arrived there at daybreak on the fourth of September, scarcely twelve hours after having escaped from Worcester. He immediately cut off his hair, stained his hands and face, and assumed the coarse and threadbare garments of a peasant; and five brothers Penderell, all of them labourers, woodmen or domestics in the service of Mr. Giffard, undertook to secure his safety. "This is the King," said Mr. Giffard to William Penderell; "thou must have a care of him, and preserve him as thou didst me." They accordingly took Charles to Boscobel House, and concealed him in the adjoining woods. It was raining heavily: Richard Penderell procured a blanket, and spread it for the King under one of the largest trees; while his sister, Mrs. Yates, brought a supply of bread, milk, eggs, and

butter. "Good woman," said Charles to her, "can you be faithful to a distressed Cavalier?" "Yes, Sir," she replied, "and I will die sooner than betray you." Some soldiers passed on the outskirts of the wood, but did not enter it, because the storm was more violent over the wood than in the open fields. On the next day, the King concealed himself among the leafy branches of a large oak, and from this cover he could see the soldiers scouring the country in search of him. One night he left his hiding-place, to endeavour to cross the Severn, and take refuge in Wales; but as he was passing a mill with Richard Penderell, his guide, the miller called out, "Who goes there?" "Neighbours going home," answered Penderell. "If you be neighbours, stand," cried the miller, "or I will knock you down." They fled as fast as they could, and were pursued for some time by several men who came out of the mill with the miller. In another of their attempts to escape, while fording a small river, the King, who was a good swimmer, helped his guide across, as he was unable to swim.

He wandered for seven days in this manner through the country, changing his place of refuge almost daily, sometimes hidden beneath the hay in a barn, sometimes concealed in one of those obscure hiding-places which served as a retreat to the proscribed Catholic priests; hearing or seeing, at every moment, the republican soldiers who had been sent in search of him. In concert with his faithful guards, and with Lord Wilmot, who had rejoined him, he resolved to make for the sea-coast, near Bristol, in the hope of being able to find a vessel to take him over to France. He now changed his disguise, assumed a servant's livery instead of his peasant's garb, and set off on horseback, under the name of William Jackson, carrying behind him his mistress, Miss Jane Lane, sister of Colonel Lane,

of Bentley, his last place of refuge in Staffordshire. "Will," said the colonel to him at starting, "thou must give my sister thy hand to help her to mount:" but the King, unused to such offices, gave her the wrong hand. "What a goodly horseman my daughter has got to ride before her," said old Mrs. Lane, the colonel's mother, who was watching their departure, though unacquainted with the secret. They set off, but they had scarcely ridden two hours, when the King's horse cast a shoe, and they halted at a little village to get another shoe. "As I was holding the horse's foot," says the King in his narrative of his escape, "I asked the smith what news. He told me that there was no news that he knew of, since the good news of the beating of those rogues, the Scots. I asked him whether there were none of the English taken that had joined with the Scots. He answered that some of them were taken, but he did not hear that that rogue, Charles Stuart, had been taken yet. I told him that, if that rogue were taken, he deserved to be hanged more than all the rest, for bringing in the Scots. Upon which he said that I spoke like an honest man; and so we parted."

On the 13th of September he reached Abbotsleigh, near Bristol, the residence of Mr. Norton, a cousin of Colonel Lane. He there learned, to his great sorrow, that there was not in the port of Bristol any vessel on board which he could embark; and he was obliged to remain in the house four days. Under pretence of indisposition, he was indulged in a separate chamber, and by Miss Lane's request, particular care was taken of him. He was really much harassed and fatigued, though but little inclined to endure patiently either hunger or ennui. On the morning after his arrival, he rose early, and went to the buttery-hatch to get his breakfast, where he found Pope, the butler, and two or three other servants; "and," he says, "we all fell to

eating bread and butter, to which Pope gave us very good ale and sack. As I was sitting there, there was one that looked like a country fellow sat just by me, who gave so particular an account of the battle of Worcester to the rest of the company, that I concluded he must be one of Cromwell's soldiers. But I asking him how he came to give so good an account of that battle; he told me he was in the King's regiment; and on questioning him further, I perceived that he had been in my regiment of guards. I asked him what kind of a man I was? To which he answered by describing exactly both my clothes and my horse; and then looking upon me, he told me that the King was at least three fingers taller than I. Upon which I made what haste I could out of the buttery, for fear he should indeed know me; being more afraid when I knew he was one of our own soldiers, than when I took him for one of the enemy's."

Charles had no sooner returned to his room, than one of his companions came to him in great agitation, and said: "What shall we do? I am afraid Pope the butler knows you, for he says very positively to me that it is you, but I have denied it." Charles had already learned that, in positions of danger, bold confidence is often no less a source of safety than a necessity; he sent for the butler, told him all, and received from him, during his stay at Mr. Norton's house, the most intelligent and most devoted care.

But attentions, even when shown most discreetly, sometimes prove most compromising; at the end of four days Charles had to seek a new asylum: and on the 14th of September, he left Abbotsleigh for Trent House, in the same county, the residence of Colonel Wyndham, a staunch Royalist. In 1636, six years before the outbreak of the war between Charles I. and his Parliament, Sir Thoma

Wyndham, the Colonel's father, when on the point of death, had said to his five sons—"My sons, we have hitherto seen serene and quiet times, but now prepare yourselves for cloudy and troublesome. I command you to honour and obey our gracious sovereign, and in all times to adhere to the crown; and though the crown should hang upon a bush, I charge you forsake it not." The injunctions of the dying man were obeyed; three of his sons and one of his grandsons fell on the battle-field, fighting for Charles I.; and Colonel Wyndham, who had also served with honour in the royal army, was, in 1651, a prisoner on parole in his own house. He received the King with the utmost devotedness, and set to work immediately to obtain some means of embarkation for him in one of the neighbouring ports.

[For some time, however, these efforts were fruitless, and so close a watch was kept that Charles was forced to leave the Dorset coast in despair, and return to Colonel Wyndham's.]

Charles remained for eleven days at Trent House, still seeking, but in vain, the means of transport to France. It then became necessary for him once more to change his residence. Colonel Wyndham was informed that his house was becoming more and more suspected; and ere long, troops arrived in the neighbourhood. On the 6th of October, the King left Trent House to take refuge at Hele House, the residence of Mr. Hyde in Wiltshire; where he would be nearer the small sea-ports of Sussex, at one of which his friends hoped to be able to procure him a vessel. They at last succeeded in obtaining one, and on the morning of the 13th of October, Charles left his last hiding-place, escorted by a few faithful friends, who had brought their dogs, as if for a coursing expedition on the downs. They slept at Hambledon, in Hampshire, at the house of a brother-in-law of Colonel Gunter, one of the

King's guides: and the master of the house, on his return home, was astonished to find his table surrounded by unknown guests, whose gaiety exceeded the bounds of "decent hilarity." The King's cropped hair, and the reproof which he administered to the honest squire for a casual oath, redoubled his surprise; he bent towards his brother-in-law, and asked if that fellow were not "some-round-headed rogue's son." The colonel assured him that his suspicions were unfounded, upon which he sat down at table with his guests, and gaily drank the King's health "in a good glass of beer, calling him brother Roundhead."

On the following day, the 14th of October, they proceeded to Brighthelmstone,[1] where they were to meet the master of the promised vessel, and the merchant who had engaged it for them. They all supped together at the village inn; during the meal, the captain, Anthony Tattersall, scarcely once took his eyes off the King; and after supper he took the merchant aside and told him "that he had not dealt fairly with him; for though he had given him a very good price for carrying over that gentleman, yet he had not been clear with him;—for," said he, "he is the King, and I very well know him to be so." The merchant assured him that he was mistaken, but he answered: "No, I am not; for he took my ship, together with other fishing vessels at Brighthelmstone, in the year 1648, when he commanded his father's fleet; but be not troubled at it, for I think I do God and my country good service in preserving the King, and by the grace of God, I will venture my life and all for him, and set him safely on shore, if I can, in France." At about the same time, at another part of the room, the innkeeper came up to the King, who was standing by the fire, with his hand resting on the back of a chair, and kissed his hand suddenly. "God bless you wheresoever you go!" he said;

[1] *Then a little fishing village, now the large town of Brighton.*

"I do not doubt, before I die, to be a lord, and my wife a lady." Charles laughed, and went into another room, putting full trust in his host; and at five o'clock on the morning of the 15th of October, the King and Lord Wilmot were on board a little vessel of sixty tons, which only waited for the tide to leave Shoreham harbour. As soon as they were at sea, Captain Tattersall came into the cabin where the King was lying, fell on his knees, kissed his hand, and protesting his entire devotedness, suggested that, in order to prevent all difficulty, he should himself persuade the crew, who imagined that they had embarked for the English port of Poole, to sail towards the coast of France, by representing himself to them as a merchant in debt, who was afraid of being arrested in England, and wished to recover some money that was owing to him at Rouen. Charles willingly acceded to this proposition, and tried to ingratiate himself so thoroughly with the sailors that they joined him in requesting the captain to turn aside from his course in favour of his passengers. The weather was fine and the wind favourable, and at one o'clock in the afternoon of the 16th of October, the ship's boat landed the King and Lord Wilmot in the little port of Fécamp.

XXVIII.

DRIVING OUT OF LONG PARLIAMENT.

GUIZOT.

[No sooner was all danger from without over than the victors quarrelled among themselves. The Parliament wished to break up the army, and the army in return resolved to drive out the Parliament if it did not consent to dissolve itself, and enable a fresh House of Commons to

be chosen. Quarrels, however, arose over the bill introduced for this purpose, and Cromwell forcibly carried out the army's threat.]

THE House was on the point of coming to a vote; Vane[1] had insisted with such warmth and earnestness on passing the bill, that Harrison[2] had deemed it necessary "most sweetly and humbly" to conjure his colleagues to pause before they took so important a step. Cromwell left Whitehall in haste, followed by Lambert and five or six officers; and commanded a detachment of soldiers to march round to the House of Commons. On his arrival at Westminster, he stationed guards at the doors and in the lobby of the House, and led round another body to a position just outside the room in which the members were seated. He then entered alone, without noise, "clad in plain black clothes, with grey worsted stockings," as was his custom when he was not in uniform. Vane was speaking, and passionately descanting on the urgency of the bill. Cromwell sat down in his usual place, where he was instantly joined by St. John,[3] to whom he said, "that he was come to do that which grieved him to the very soul, and that he had earnestly with tears prayed to God against. Nay, that he had rather be torn in pieces than do it; but there was a necessity laid upon him therein, in order to the glory of God, and the good of the nation." St. John answered, "that he knew not what he meant; but did pray that what it was which must be done, might have a happy issue for the general good;" and so saying, he returned to his seat.

Vane was still speaking, and Cromwell listened to him with great attention. He was arguing the necessity of

[1] *Sir Harry Vane, a leading statesman of the Long Parliament.* [2] *General Harrison.* [3] *Oliver St. John, who had taken a leading part in the Parliament.*

proceeding at once to the last stage of the bill, and with that view, adjured the House to dispense with the usual formalities which should precede its adoption. Cromwell, at this, beckoned to Harrison. "Now is the time," he said; "I must do it!" "Sir," replied Harrison, anxiously, "the work is very great and dangerous." "You say well," answered Cromwell, and sat still for another quarter of an hour. Vane ceased speaking; the Speaker rose to put the question, when Cromwell stood up, took off his hat, and began to speak. At first he expressed himself in terms of commendation of the Parliament, and its members, praising their zeal and care for the public good; but gradually his tone changed, his accents and gestures became more violent; he reproached the members of the House with their delays, their covetousness, their self-interest, their disregard for justice. "You have no heart to do anything for the public good," he exclaimed; "your intention was to perpetuate yourselves in power. But your time is come! The Lord has done with you! He has chosen other instruments for the carrying on His work, that are more worthy. It is the Lord hath taken me by the hand, and set me on to do this thing." Vane, Wentworth, and Martyn[4] rose to reply to him, but he would not suffer them to speak. "You think, perhaps," he said, "that this is not parliamentary language; I know it; but expect no other language from me." Wentworth at length made himself heard; he declared that this "was indeed the first time that he had ever heard such unbecoming language given to the Parliament; and that it was the more horrid, in that it came from their servant, and their servant whom they had so highly trusted and obliged, and whom, by their unprecedented bounty, they had made what he was." Cromwell thrust his hat upon his head, sprang from his seat into the

[4] *Henry Martyn, one of the judges of the King.*

centre of the floor of the House, and shouted out, "Come, come, we have had enough of this; I'll put an end to your prating—Call them in!" he added briefly to Harrison; the door opened, and twenty or thirty musketeers entered, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Worsley.

"You are no Parliament," cried Cromwell; "I say, you are no Parliament! Begone! Give way to honester men." He walked up and down the floor of the House, stamping his foot, and giving his orders. "Fetch him down," he said to Harrison, pointing to the Speaker, who still remained in his chair. Harrison told him to come down, but Lenthall refused. "Take him down," repeated Cromwell; Harrison laid his hand on the Speaker's gown, and he came down immediately. Algernon Sidney[5] was sitting near the Speaker. "Put him out," said Cromwell to Harrison. Sidney did not move. "Put him out," reiterated Cromwell. Harrison and Worsley laid their hands on Sidney's shoulders, upon which he rose and walked out. "This is not honest," exclaimed Vane; "it is against morality and common honesty!" "Sir Harry Vane! Sir Harry Vane!" replied Cromwell; "you might have prevented this extraordinary course; but you are a juggler, and have not so much as common honesty. The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" And, amidst the general confusion as the members passed out before him, he flung nicknames in the face of each. "Some of you are drunkards!" he said, pointing to Mr. Challoner; "some of you are adulterers!" and he looked at Sir Peter Wentworth; "some of you are corrupt unjust persons!" and he glanced at Whitelocke and others.

He went up to the table on which the mace lay, which was carried before the Speaker, and called to the soldiers, "What shall we do with this bauble? here, take it away."

[5] *Afterwards put to death under Charles the Second.*

He frequently repeated: "It is you that have forced me to this, for I have sought the Lord night and day, that He would rather slay me than put me upon the doing of this work." Alderman Allen told him, "That it was not yet gone so far, but all things might be restored again; and that if the soldiers were commanded out of the House, and the mace returned, the public affairs might go on in their course." Cromwell rejected this advice, and called Allen to account for some hundred thousand pounds which, as Treasurer of the army, he had embezzled. Allen replied, "That it was well known that it had not been his fault that his account was not made up long since; that he had often tendered it to the House, and that he asked no favour from any man in that matter." Cromwell ordered him to be arrested, and he was led off by the soldiers. The room was now empty; he seized all the papers, took the Dissolution-Bill from the Clerk, and put it under his cloak: after which he left the House, ordered the doors to be shut, and returned to Whitehall.

At Whitehall, he found several of his officers, who had remained there to wait the event. He related to them what he had done at the House. "When I went there," he said, "I did not think to have done this. But, perceiving the Spirit of God so strong upon me, I would not consult flesh and blood." A few hours later, in the afternoon, he was informed that the Council of State had just assembled in its ordinary place of meeting, in Whitehall itself, under the presidency of Bradshaw. He went to them immediately, followed only by Harrison and Lambert. "Gentlemen," he said, "if you are met here as private persons, you shall not be disturbed; but if as a Council of State, this is no place for you; and since you can't but know what was done at the House this morning, so take notice that the Parliament is dissolved." "Sir," answered Bradshaw, "we have

heard what you did at the House in the morning, and before many hours all England will hear it. But, Sir, you are mistaken to think that the Parliament is dissolved; for no power under heaven can dissolve them but themselves. Therefore take you notice of that." All then rose and left the room. On the following day, the 21st of April, this announcement appeared in the *Mercurius Politicus*,[6] which had become Cromwell's journal: "The Lord-General delivered yesterday in Parliament divers reasons wherefore a present period should be put to the sitting of this Parliament, and it was accordingly done, the Speaker and the members all departing. The grounds of which proceedings will, it is probable, be shortly made public." And, on the same day, a crowd collected at the door of the House to read a large placard which had probably been placed there during the night by some Cavalier who was overjoyed at finding his cause avenged on the republicans by a regicide;[7] it bore this inscription:

"This House to be let unfurnished."

XXIX.

DEATH OF CROMWELL.

GUIZOT.

[After the expulsion of the Commons, England really lay in the power of the army: and its general, Oliver Cromwell, became ruler of the country with the title of Lord Protector. Cromwell was a man of great genius; and he made the name of England feared abroad by great victories, both on land and sea. But at home he failed to reconcile the nation to what was after all but a military

[6] *One of the earliest English newspapers.* [7] *The judges on the King's trial were called by the royalists regicides.*

rule; and the Parliament he summoned demanded the restoration of the old liberties of England. It was to bring back the constitution and restore the rule of law that the Commons at last offered Cromwell the title of King. But he was forced by the army to refuse it; and soon after a fever brought him to the grave.]

IT was no mere pedantry, still less was it vulgar flattery, which influenced the Parliament in their offer to Cromwell of the title of King. The experience of the last few years had taught the nation the value of the traditional forms under which its liberties had grown up. A king was limited by constitutional precedents. "The king's prerogative," it was well urged, "is under the courts of justice, and is bounded as well as any acre of land, or anything a man hath." A Protector, on the other hand, was new in our history and there were no traditional means of limiting his power. "The one office being lawful in its nature," said Glynne,[1] "known to the nation, certain in itself, and confined and regulated by the law, and the other not so—that was the great ground why the Parliament did so much insist on this office and title." Under the name of monarchy indeed the question really at issue between the party headed by the officers and the party led by the lawyers in the Commons was that of the restoration of constitutional and legal rule. The proposal was carried by an overwhelming majority, but a month passed in endless consultations between the Parliament and the Protector. His good sense, his knowledge of the general feeling of the nation, his real desire to obtain a settlement which should secure the ends for which Puritanism had fought, political and religious liberty, broke, in conference after conference, through a mist of words. But his real concern throughout was with the temper of the army. To Cromwell his soldiers were no common swordsmen.

[1] *Glynne was one of the leaders in the Parliament.*

They were "godly men, men that will not be beaten down by a worldly and carnal spirit while they keep their integrity," men in whose general voice he recognized the voice of God. "They are honest and faithful men," he urged, "true to the great things of the Government. And though it is really no part of their goodness to be unwilling to submit to what a Parliament shall settle over them, yet it is my duty and conscience to beg of you that there may be no hard things put upon them which they cannot swallow. I cannot think God would bless an undertaking of anything which would justly and with cause grieve them." The temper of the army was soon shown. Its leaders with Lambert, Fleetwood, and Desborough[2] at their head, placed their commands in Cromwell's hands. A petition from the officers to Parliament demanded the withdrawal of the proposal to restore the monarchy, "in the name of the old cause for which they had bled." Cromwell at once anticipated the coming debate on this petition, a debate which might have led to an open breach between the army and the Commons, by a refusal of the crown. "I cannot undertake this government," he said, "with that title of king; and that is my answer to this great and weighty business."

Disappointed as it was, the Parliament with singular self-restraint turned to other modes of bringing about its purpose. The offer of the crown had been coupled with the condition of accepting a Constitution, which was a modification of the Instrument of Government[3] adopted by the Parliament of 1654, and this Constitution Cromwell emphatically approved. "The things provided by this Act of Government," he owned, "do secure the liberties of the people of God as they never before have had them." With a change of the title of king into that of Protector, the Act

[2] *The leading generals in the army, after Cromwell.*

[3] *A plan originally drawn up by the officers of the army for the new rule after the king's death.*

of Government became law; and the solemn inauguration of the Protector by the Parliament was a practical acknowledgement on the part of Cromwell of the illegality of his former rule. In the name of the Commons the Speaker invested him with a mantle of state, placed the sceptre in his hand, and girt the sword of justice by his side. By the new Act of Government Cromwell was allowed to name his own successor, but in all after cases the office was to be an elective one. In every other respect the forms of the older Constitution were carefully restored. Parliament was again to consist of two Houses, the seventy members of the other House being named by the Protector. The Commons regained their old right of exclusively deciding on the qualification of their members. Parliamentary restrictions were imposed on the choice of members of the Council, and officers of the state or of the army. A fixed revenue was voted to the Protector, and it was provided that no moneys should be raised but by assent of Parliament. Liberty of worship was secured for all but Papists, Prelatists,[4] Socinians or those who denied the inspiration of the Scriptures, and liberty of conscience was secured to all.

The excluded members were again admitted when the Parliament reassembled after an adjournment of six months; and the hasty act of Cromwell in giving his nominees in "the other House" the title of Lords kindled a quarrel which was busily fanned by Haselrig.[5] But while the Houses were busy with their squabble the hand of death was falling on the Protector. He had long been weary of his task. "God knows," he burst out a little time before to the Parliament, "I would have been glad to have lived under my woodside, and to have kept a flock of sheep, rather than to have undertaken this government." And now to the weariness of power was added the weakness

[4] *Episcopalians of the Church of England, believed to be disaffected to the new government.* [5] *A leading republican.*

and feverish impatience of disease. Vigorous and energetic as his life had seemed, his health was by no means as strong as his will; he had been struck down by intermittent fever in the midst of his triumphs both in Scotland and in Ireland, and during the past year he had suffered from repeated attacks of it. "I have some infirmities upon me," he owned twice over in his speech at the opening of the Parliament; and his feverish irritability was quickened by the public danger. No supplies had been voted, and the pay of the army was heavily in arrear, while its temper grew more and more sullen at the appearance of the new Constitution and the reawakening of the Royalist intrigues. The continuance of the Parliamentary strife threw Cromwell at last, says an observer at his court, "into a rage and passion like unto madness." Summoning his coach, by a sudden impulse, the Protector drove with a few guards to Westminster; and, setting aside the remonstrances of Fleetwood, summoned the two Houses to his presence. "I do dissolve this Parliament," he ended a speech of angry rebuke, "and let God be judge between you and me."

Fatal as was the error, for the moment all went well. The army was reconciled by the blow levelled at its opponents, and the few murmurers were weeded from its ranks by a careful remodelling. The triumphant officers vowed to stand or fall with his Highness. The danger of a Royalist rising vanished before a host of addresses from the counties. Great news too came from abroad, where victory in Flanders, and the cession of Dunkirk, set the seal on Cromwell's glory. But the fever crept steadily on, and his looks told the tale of death to the Quaker, Fox,[6] who met him riding in Hampton Court Park. "Before I came to him," he says, "as he rode at the head of his Life Guards, I saw and felt a waft of death go forth against him, and when I came to

[6] *George Fox, the founder of the sect of Quakers.*

him he looked like a dead man." In the midst of his triumph Cromwell's heart was in fact heavy with the sense of failure. He had no desire to play the tyrant; nor had he any belief in the permanence of a mere tyranny. He had hardly dissolved the Parliament before he was planning the summons of another, and angry at the opposition which his Council offered to the project. "I will take my own resolutions," he said gloomily to his household; "I can no longer satisfy myself to sit still, and make myself guilty of the loss of all the honest party and of the nation itself." But before his plans could be realized the overtaxed strength of the Protector suddenly gave way. He saw too clearly the chaos into which his death would plunge England to be willing to die. "Do not think I shall die," he burst out with feverish energy to the physicians who gathered round him; "say not I have lost my reason! I tell you the truth. I know it from better authority than any you can have from Galen or Hippocrates. It is the answer of God Himself to our prayers!" Prayer indeed rose from every side for his recovery, but death drew steadily nearer, till even Cromwell felt that his hour was come. "I would be willing to live," the dying man murmured, "to be further serviceable to God and His people, but my work is done! Yet God will be with His people!" A storm which tore roofs from houses, and levelled huge trees in every forest, seemed a fitting prelude to the passing away of his mighty spirit. Three days later, on the third of September, the day which had witnessed his victories of Worcester and Dunbar, Cromwell quietly breathed his last.

END OF PART II.

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